The Improvement ERA

SEPTEMBER, 1933
VOLUME 36, NUMBER 11
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The Improvement ERA

SEPTEMBER, 1933
Volume 36, Number 11

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*
Harrison R. Merrill, *Managing Editor*
Elsie Talmage Brandley, *Asso. Editor*

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

FORECAST

WHAT is a word?" It is an assemblage of letters which call for a certain kind of pronunciation. But that is not all. Words are living things. They dip somehow into human emotions. Elsie Chamberlain Carroll, a weaver of words, will discuss these common, everyday, weapons or tools of man.

VAMPIRE MONEY!" Next month will appear an article in which a gentleman from Salt Lake City gives a view of his experiences with inflated money in Germany.

OGDEN, according to Glenn S. Perrins, might more appropriately have been called Brownville. He gives an interesting glimpse of the settlement of the "Gateway City."

FICTION

JOHN SHERMAN WALKER, in the October number, presents another improvisation on the theme of a violin and moonlight and love. It is almost poetry in its emotional charm. "Punkin Pies," and "Cuthbert Tells the Truth" are other offerings in fiction in addition to an installment of "The Beloved Cinderella."

THE COVER

ALOHA OE" might well be the title of the picture on this month's cover. It was taken by Elmer Johnson, of Provo, Utah, while on a mission in the Hawaiian Islands. The picture was enlarged from one of his snapshots.

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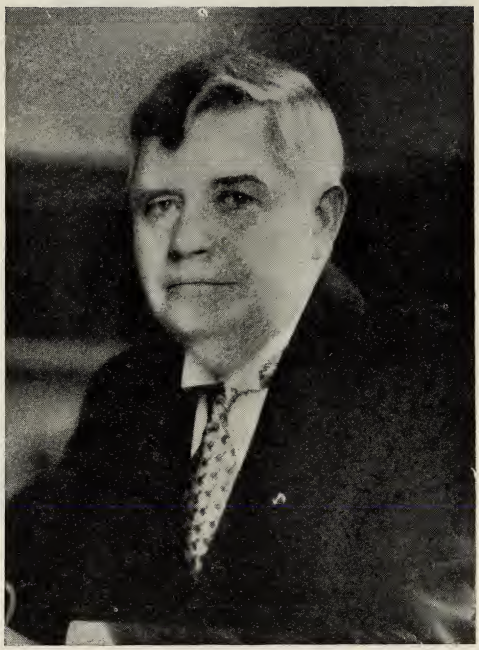
"The Adobes," Santa Fe, by Calvin Fletcher

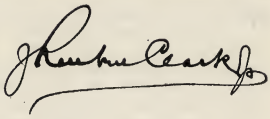
GREATNESS IN MEN

By
BRYANT S. HINCKLEY
President of Liberty Stake

In this article is found the story of a man who, thrown among the great, the wealthy, and the wise, kept an abiding faith in the simple precepts of the Church, and as a reward for his genuineness and ability was called to one of the most important places in the Church. President Hinckley, in his eloquent manner, has given us here a word portrait of our latest addition to the First Presidency.



President J. Reuben CLARK, Jr.



"Truth is a natural force and no more to be resisted than other natural forces."—Emerson.

ON Thursday morning, April 6, 1933, J. Reuben Clark, Jr., was sustained as second counselor in the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He succeeded the late Charles W. Nibley. On March 3 he retired as United States Ambassador to Mexico.

He is the son of Joshua Reuben and Mary Louise Woolley Clark and was born in a small rock house three miles North of Grantsville, Tooele County, Utah, September 1, 1871.

His parents were among the early settlers of Tooele County and both belonged to a race of rugged, freedom loving, God-fearing people. Their forebears were among the pioneers and patriots of America. His father, J. Reuben Clark, Sr., served in the Civil War and his grandsires fought in the War of 1812 and in the Revolutionary War. J. Reuben, Jr., was a Major in the World War.

President Clark grew to manhood in the country and knows something of pioneering. His very earliest recollection is seeing his mother kill a rattlesnake at the back door of her kitchen. She was alone much of the time. Her husband was superintendent of the

Luacine Savage Clark

Grantsville Co-op Store; during the day he waited on customers and at night served as watchman. This permitted him to come home only about once a week; consequently the responsibility of the home and the farm rested largely upon her. In the midst of her other duties she taught her son to read and to write so that when he entered the public schools he was placed in the third grade. He finished the grades. There was no high school in Grantsville at the time, so he went through the work of the eighth grade three times.

HE did the things that were common for boys on the farm to do in those days. The chief industry of that locality was stock raising. His father owned a small band of horses and it was Reuben's responsibility to look after them. He speaks now with animation of the days when he rode a sure-footed, long-winded saddle pony and helped round up range horses. There is something fascinating about corraling wild horses—something that appeals to a boy. It is full of action and adventure and he enjoyed his full share of it.

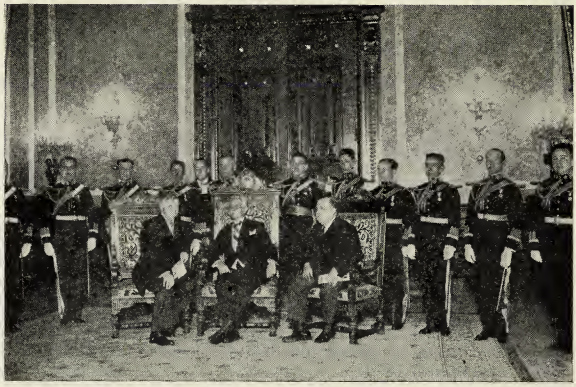
His uncle, Samuel Woolley, had rather extensive cattle interests for those days and J. Reuben helped him trail his cattle to the summer range East of Davis County in the spring and bring them back to the winter range in the fall. He knows what it is to stay in the saddle all day and all night—to go without rest or sleep for twenty-four hours at a time. The language and the hardships of the cowboy are familiar to him. There is more hardship than romance to that kind of work.

The only fuel available in those primitive days was wood which was hauled from nearby hills and canyons. He relates how he narrowly escaped death when bringing a load of wood over a steep and dangerous dugway with only a lead harness on his horses which made it almost impossible for them to hold the wagon.

Completing the work of the schools of his native town he entered the L. D. S. College in Salt Lake City. Here he came in contact with Dr. James E. Talmage, at that time president of the institution. This was a significant meeting. The Doctor was quick to discover in this serious-minded and industrious young man from the country the qualities that win success. He was attracted to him and encouraged him in all his endeavors. This contact meant a great deal to J. Reuben Clark, and he is only one among many men who have been helped and inspired through association with Dr. Talmage.

Mary Louisa Woolley Clark, the mother of President Clark

For two and one-half years J. Reuben served as clerk of the Deseret Museum under his direction, which position he resigned in 1894 to enter the University of Utah. Dr. Talmage was then president of the University so that he had direct contact with this eminent teacher and scholar for seven years. This association resulted not only in a technical training of



J. Reuben Clark, Jr., presenting his credentials to President Ortiz Rubio. Persons seated from left to right: J. Reuben Clark, Jr., President Ortiz Rubio, and H. E. Sr. Estrada, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

inestimable value to J. Reuben Clark, but ripened into a rare and delightful friendship, a friendship which can only exist between great and kindred souls.

PRESIDENT CLARK'S early ambition was to become a specialist in mining law and with this in view he majored in scientific work and was graduated from the University four years later, 1898. While a student of the University he was editor of the *Chronicle*, president of the student body and valedictorian of his class.

On September 14, 1898, he married Luacine Savage, a daughter of the pioneer photographer, C. R. Savage.

After graduating he served for one year as principal of the high school at Heber City, for two years as a member of the faculty of the Salt Lake Business College, and for one year as principal of the Southern Branch of the State Normal School at Cedar City, returning again to the Salt Lake Business College.

In 1903 he entered the Law School of Columbia University. Now begins a new and brilliant chapter in his life's story. He was then thirty-two years of age, had a good educational training, a wife, two children and $300 in money. Though poor in purse he was rich in something vastly more valuable than material wealth—vision, valor, the will to do and dare—rich in those intangible but impelling forces which are back of all worthy achievement, in the qualities that characterize stout-hearted intrepid souls.

Mrs. Clark and her daughters

Three Generations of Joshua Reuben Clarks

Joseph Nelson, President Clark's former employer and life-long friend, advanced money when necessary until J. Reuben completed his course at Columbia.

From the day he entered Law School to the present time he has marched majestically forward, exhibiting under all circumstances strength, fortitude, independence of judgment, unfaltering courage and the power of painstaking and vigilant endeavor.

His training under Dr. James E. Talmage taught him patience and accuracy and his great power of application soon won recognition for him at Columbia. Dr. James Brown Scott, professor at Columbia, had at this time in preparation a case book on quasi contracts and employed J. Reuben to assist him in this highly technical and important work.

Ambassador Clark in his Office, Mexico City

In 1906, the year of President Clark's graduation, Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, appointed the young lawyer assistant solicitor. This important position forced him to study international law and this led him into the field of diplomacy. Here he came in contact with the nation's leading statesmen. He was assigned to study some old and voluminous cases awaiting settlement. As a result some of these cases, more than a hundred years old, were arbitrated and won by the young assistant solicitor, J. Reuben Clark.

IN 1910 President Taft appointed him to serve under Secretary Knox as solicitor of the State Department. It was at this time that he won the famous "Alsop" case against Chile which was arbitrated before the King of England, who awarded the United States Government $900,000. The layman has little appreciation of the ability, the painstaking and prolonged effort required to do this.

About this time he prepared a memorandum on the right of the government to protect its citizens in foreign countries by force of arms. This work is considered today authoritative in the State Department. President Clark has the rare capacity of clarifying the most intricate problems and the patience carefully and exhaustively to explore the most intricate and involved questions.

In March, 1913, he was named United States counsel before the British-American

Claims Commission, a post which he occupied for two years. Here he prepared a memorandum on neutral trade, a document which attracted the attention of Mr. Morrow and laid the foundation for a lasting and delightful friendship between them and which ultimately resulted in placing the rising attorney in a most important diplomatic position.

In 1917 he became a member of the Judge Advocate General Reserve Corps at the request of General Enoch H. Crowder. Later he was assigned to duty under Attorney-General Thomas Watt Gregory. He remained at this post for a year and was assigned as adjutant to General Crowder, so that he held the rank of Major and was later awarded a distinguished service medal by Congress upon the recommendation of General Crowder.

He made a careful and exhaustive study of the Versailles Treaty which ended the World War. No other man in the United States had a clearer understanding of this historic document and no one was better able to interpret it in the light of international policies pursued by this government.

J. Reuben Clark supplied the brilliant senator from Pennsylvania, Philander C. Knox, and those supporting Knox's views, with data when the great question of the League of Nations was debated in the Senate of the United States.

After the War he took up his residence in Utah and in 1921 he was called to Washington by Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State, to serve as a special counsel to the State Department in preparing the agenda for the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, and during this historic conference he served as technical advisor to Secretary Hughes, who soon thereafter appointed Mr. Clark counsel for the British-American Claims Commission.

In 1926 he was made a member of the Mexican-American Claims Commission and soon became general counsel for this Commission. Thus he became familiar with our Mexican-American relations. This knowledge prompted Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador, to take Mr. Clark to Mexico as legal advisor. In the period between his stay in Mexico with Mr. Morrow and his appointment as Ambassador he served as Under-Secretary of State.

WHEN Mr. Morrow was elected to the United States Senate, President Hoover named Major Clark as Ambassador, a position which he held for two and one-half years and from which he resigned March 3 of this year. This was a diplomatic station which required the utmost tact and wisdom and which he filled with distinguished ability.

President Hoover, in a letter accepting Ambassador Clark's resignation said, among other things: "Never have our relations been lifted to such a high point of confidence and cooperation and there is no more important service in the whole of foreign relations of the United States than this * * *."

Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, wrote Mr. Clark, in part, as follows: "Your distinguished service as American Ambassador to Mexico has reflected signal credit upon the Department of State."

This is a brief and fragmentary reference to President Clark's service to his country, all of which reflects distinct credit on his character and reveals his superior ability as a statesman and student of international affairs.

Preceding and following the World War he made important contributions to the literature of the Department of State on international questions. His contact with the ablest minds in American public life during these eventful years, the esteem in which they held him personally, and the reliance which they placed upon his judgment is enduring proof of his character and ability.

While Major Clark was serving in the Officers' Reserve Corps under special assignment he prepared a volume of 1,150 pages on "Emergency Legislation to December, 1917," including "Analogous Legislation since 1776." This volume is carefully annotated and indexed and has numerous references. It is the only publication of its kind and represents a prodigious amount of work which was accomplished in a comparatively short time. This is his most monumental work.

In a separate volume he has defined and clarified the Monroe Doctrine as no historian has done.

Referring to the home life of the Clarks, Dr. James E. Talmage in speaking particularly of Mrs. Clark, said:

"In every way Luacine Savage Clark has proved a helpmeet of her distinguished husband. Richly endowed with the enduring graces of the noblest order of womanhood, of a pure and well trained mind, in spirit sensitive yet always firm for that which is good, she is held in affectionate esteem not only by her husband and children but by all who know her."

SISTER CLARK has been active in the service of the Church whether at home or abroad. Much of their married life has been spent away from Utah. Whether living in New York City, Washington, D. C., the City of Mexico, or elsewhere, she has been actively identified with the people of the Church. Formerly she presided over the Relief Society of Ensign Stake where they then resided. Brother

(*Continued on page 674*)

The Frontispiece

By ALICE MERRILL HORNE

"THE ADOBES," Santa Fe, New Mexico, by Calvin Fletcher, head of the Art Department of the Utah State Agricultural College, appears as Frontispiece to the September Era, and is a good example of Fletcher's modern trend and of his handling of problems of space. This picture is alive with color and yet possesses a drowsy peace.

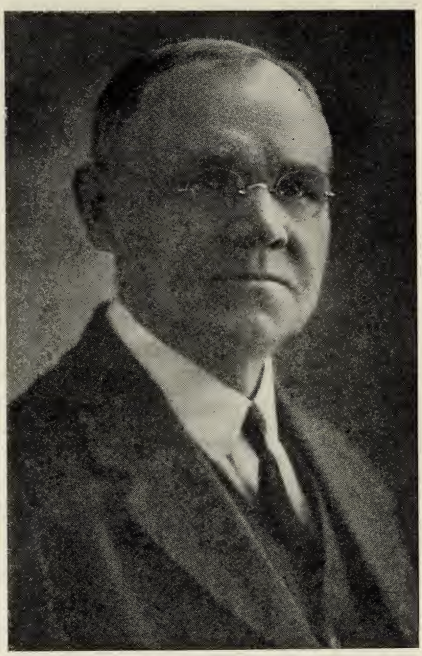
"Cache Valley in Summer," is another picture by the same artist. Both are hanging in the Summer Salon in Salt Lake City.

The foreground shows the road descending from hill to valley in true washboard way, and Mr. Fletcher has produced good values for each successive view of the crest of the rapidly descending road as it now and then emerges between hollows in places farther and yet farther down; and, indeed, the whole wide range and sweep of valley—even down to the point of the mountain is delightfully spaced.

Mr. Fletcher is a teacher artist and will be remembered by the many successful art students who have followed him. Mr. Fletcher is not the only artist of the Fletcher family for his wife, Irene Fletcher, a former student, upholds his best traditions. The Professor knows full well, and takes comfort thereby, that his wife, from the high order of her gift, is bound to surpass him as an artist.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher have recently visited the art colony in Santa Fe where eminent artists recognized their work, especially pointing out the ease and grace and grasp of the young woman, Mrs. Irene Fletcher.

Dr. James E. Talmage



James Edward Talmage

By

MELVIN J. BALLARD

Of the Council of the Twelve

A GREAT prince in the house of Israel departed this life on July 27, when Dr. James Edward Talmage of the Council of the Twelve passed from this mortal life. His death was a shock to most of the Church. While many knew of his failing health, his sudden illness was known by but few. Those of us who were close to him, however, saw at an early day the danger of his being rendered helpless and more or less an invalid. It was a merciful kindness on the part of the Lord to save him this embarrassment and suffering, for such an active soul would have felt it real torture to have been rendered helpless; consequently his being thus suddenly taken was a kind intervention of Providence.

Though his failing health rendered it impossible for him to make the usual visits among the stakes of Zion, he was nevertheless extremely busy in his office writing up until the very day he was carried, two days before his death, to his home. Not well the Sunday before, he had delivered a radio address and had already written two others which have since been read, so that only two days of sickness prevented him from his usual work.

His funeral was held in the great Tabernacle at Salt Lake on Sunday afternoon, July 30, at 2:00 p. m., and was broadcast over KSL. The Tabernacle was crowded to capacity, showing the great interest the people of the Church had in this remarkable man and paying him a tribute by their presence.

Elder Talmage was born at Hungerford, Berks., England, September 21, 1862. He emigrated with his parents, who were members of the Church, and the rest of the family, in 1876, and located at Provo, Utah. As a boy he entered the Brigham Young Academy at Provo (now the University) and completed the high school and normal courses at the age of seventeen, when he became a teacher in that institution.

His strong bent was in the field of science. To pursue his work in these courses he went east where he won high honors at Lehigh University, also Johns Hopkins University.

IN 1884 he responded to a call to return to the Brigham Young Academy, where he engaged again as teacher. In 1888 he was made president of the Latter-day Saints College at Salt Lake City, and in 1894 was made president of the University of Utah.

He traveled extensively in Europe in the interests of science, also in the interests of his Church, lecturing from city to city on Mormonism. He won fellowship in some of the leading scientific organizations of both the Old World as well as the United States, and stands eminently among that group of Utah men who have attained the highest scholarship.

However, it was not in this field that he distinguished himself or won the highest honors. On December 7, 1911, he was called to be a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and it is very evident to those who knew him best that all this previous training had been but a preparation for the outstanding service he performed as an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is true that there were many alluring and attractive openings for him in his chosen profession which would have paid him well, but, when the call of the Master came, he responded as Peter of old did when the Lord asked him: "Lovest thou me, Peter, better than these?" (Meaning the things of the world.) Peter's answer was: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Then came the commission to feed the sheep and feed the lambs.

DR. TALMAGE answered in the same spirit with which Peter did, forsaking all the world and its

alluring, attractive offerings to become a disciple of the Master and to feed the sheep and feed the lambs. At no point in all his ministry did he ever waver from the position he took when he surrendered everything for the cause of the Master. Though many and alluring offers came to him to engage as a side-line in his chosen profession, he turned a deaf ear to all these appeals, reserving all the strength and power of his intellect, marvelous as it was, to promote the welfare of the Church.

At his funeral I stated that we counted him among us as Paul of old among the Apostles of that dispensation, for he did have that brilliancy of mind and clearness of expression. He was a master of the English language. Boldness and courage to take his position and ability successfully to defend it were his, and he will stand in as high and as honorable a place in time to come as Paul the Apostle of old occupies.

During these many years as an Apostle his was a busy and active life in the ministry. He visited every state in the Union preaching the Gospel, presiding over the European Mission, and that gave him the opportunity to visit most of the European countries where his message was delivered and will be remembered as long as this generation endures.

For several years he prepared a series of articles for the newspapers of the United States in the interests of the Church. This was a great contribution to the cause and helped mightily to change public opinion and win favor to the Church. These articles have since been compiled and published under the title, *The Vitality of Mormonism.*

He was the author of many other books, outstanding among them *Jesus the Christ* and *The Articles of Faith.* These will be found in the homes of the Latter-day Saints as long as the Church exists because they are fundamental and no one will ever more clearly state the doctrines of the Church than he has done in these volumes. Royalty on these many publications in itself would be a handsome return, but this man thought not of himself, for these were his gifts to the Church, and it is a rich endowment.

IT would not have been possible for Elder Talmage to have accomplished all that he did if it had not been for the wonderful companion God gave him in Merry May Booth, who became his wife and the mother of the seven children who survive him. They are Sterling B., Paul B., Elsie. James Karl, Lucile, Helen and John Russell, the latter just concluding an honorable mission in Europe and not able to be home at the funeral of his father. This extraordinary woman, his wife, was father and mother to these children because Brother Talmage had to be absent from home so much in filling his ministry. She is a woman of high intellectual attainment, a most congenial companion; they were ideal and devoted husband and wife. She said, as she stood by his bier, that she loved him from the first time she saw him and has never ceased to love him unto the day of his death. Her self-sacrifice and devotion to him he highly prized and was willing to accord her a large part of the honor which came to him which would not have been possible had she not been willing to stand by and do her part, not only by him but their home and children.

As a speaker Elder Talmage never failed to interest. He always had something to say that was full of thought, his style also was most effective. He was a brilliant speaker. While he was strict and exacting that all should subscribe to the laws and order of the Church, he was full of charity and forgiveness to the erring sinner. Many times I have seen his forgiveness manifest to the humble repentant soul. He took a very active part in dealing with certain transgressors violating rule and order. It ought to be known by these persons as well as by others, however, that he was delegated by the Council of the Twelve, representing them, to protect the Church against the violators of its rule and discipline. This mission was not a pleasant one always for him, but he performed it with credit.

He takes with him the things that are worthwhile—a marvelous knowledge, his faith, his well-trained mind, and above all his right to the holy Apostleship which he will never forfeit, having honored that calling in this life. He goes prepared to join with his associates who have in other dispensations been called to this holy appointment, and he sits with them with the Master at their head in the councils that preside over the destinies of this world.

James Edward Talmage Is Still With Us

By Lula Greene Richards

JESUS wept."
A man beloved had died.
Mary and Martha also with Him mourned
Even at the grave of Lazarus their brother.
Sorrowing, friendly Jews grieved, too, with sympathy.

Eyes to His Father lifted, Jesus prayed
Devoutly giving thanks for that His prayer was heard.
With loud voice then He cried—"Lazarus come forth!"
And he that had been dead came forth and lived!
Renewed in *mortal* life;
Death's fetters loosed!

Talmage—Apostle of the Christ in latter-days—
Appointed, blest, and given authority,
Loving and studying carefully the Master's word,
Makes still more clear in his great book, Jesus, the Christ,"
Analogy of that semblance of the Resurrection real.
Gone from us now to higher fields of learning and of love,
Ever alive in noble, written works, we have him still.

Death is Not the End

DEATH may claim its victim in infancy or youth, in the period of life's prime or when the snows of age have settled upon the venerable head; it may come through disease or accident, by violence, or as what we call the result of natural causes; but come it must, as Satan well knows; and in that knowledge lies his present though but temporary triumph. But the ways of God, as they ever have been and ever shall be, are infinitely more potent than the deepest designs of men or devils; and the Satanic machinations to make death perpetual and supreme were foreseen and provided against even before Adam was placed on earth. The Atonement wrought by Jesus Christ was ordained to overcome death, and to provide a means of redemption and salvation.—*James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve.*

The Quest

By LA RENE KING BLEECKER

IN the gray dawn of morning an artist sat in his studio, looking out over the hill tops.

Dreams had assailed him, vague, shadowy, yet filled with fragrance and beauty.

The artist sighed.

"I would love to paint the most beautiful thing in the world," said he. "Perhaps it will be now if I catch the gold and rose of dawn as it breaks over the hills."

So he sketched, with hasty strokes and was filled with ecstacy at the blending shades upon his canvas. Yet, unsatisfied was his longing as when one hungers and has only crumbs to appease him.

He sought the seclusion of the woods and while strolling saw a little child with wild-tossed curls. Her dimpled arms were up-flung to catch a blue winged moth.

"What grace, what loveliness!" he cried, as with eager fingers he sought to sketch the laughing child. And when his picture was complete, critics were agreed that this was his greatest.

But again he sighed.

"A little child laughing in the sunshine," he murmured," but not the most beautiful thing in the world." . . .

PASSING a church at evening's shadowy hour, he saw a bridal couple kneeling at the altar. The bride's face was love-lit and radiant.

"At last," fervently exclaimed the artist, "let me convey to my canvas the look of devotion and trust in the face of the bride, and I shall have painted the most beautiful thing in the world."

When the picture was finished, art patrons came from far and near to view the painting and the artist's fame spread afar. But deep in his soul he was still searching for an elusive theme of beauty. . . .

A storm at sea was his next inspiration. Black clouds, wind-tossed and boiling over an angry sea, where a ship was partly submerged beneath the waves.

"Tragedy is beauty," thought he," souls crying out in fear. Death, drowning, darkness!"

But when the scene was transferred to the canvas his former admirers were loath to praise the picture.

"Too sordid," they declared, and could not bear to look upon such human woe.

"You've won!" insisted the critics," for never was such tragedy portrayed that people were loath to look at it."

For a time the artist was content until he saw a young mother putting her baby to bed in its crib.

"Motherhood," he exulted—"now, at last, I shall have attained the most beautiful theme." And he created on his canvas—*The Madonna*. Years passed.

Silvered now were his locks and his steps were slow.

Halting one evening to still his labored breathing, he beheld through a lighted window a white-haired grandmother, reading to small children who knelt at her knee and gazed adoringly up at her face.

"Ah—a touch of Heaven," he murmured with trembling lips, his body aflame with creative desire, "At last, at last—I have found the most beautiful theme in the world."

BACK in his studio, he began eagerly painting, striving to reproduce the firelight's glow upon the silvery locks of the grandmother, and her tender smile.

But his palsied hands responded not to the urge of his soul. The picture stood unfinished upon the easel and the old man sat listlessly before it. At length he arose and sent the light to play upon the paintings at display along the studio walls. *All were there.* All of life that he had once thought spoke truly of beauty.

Suddenly a light broke upon his countenance.

"The Dawn," The Laughing Child," "The Bride," "The Storm," "The Madonna," "Old Age and the Adulation of Little Children,"—each theme was a part of life, and each was beautiful.

He sat silently there, surrounded by his creations, with the light of knowledge illuminating his seamed face.

"Life," he whispered reverently, "Life is the most beautiful thing in the world."

A Serial Beginning in this Number

The Beloved Cinderella

By Mary Imlay TAYLOR

Stargrass was just a little girl but—so was Cinderella, and Cinderella reigns in the hearts of millions of people. Mary Imlay Taylor, introduced here for the first time to Era readers, is, nevertheless, an experienced writer.

Illustrated by Paul Clowes

IT was in the evening, after the shop was closed, that Star liked to walk down to the millpond with Pap Binney. There was a beautiful fellowship between these two; Star knew when to talk and when to be silent. She had found out almost at once that the kindly old man was a little stunned by the sudden business competition. For forty years he had been the only shopkeeper "out on Fishkill Point Road;" he had been "Pap" Binney to two generations of youngsters and he had prospered modestly. But the war—well, it had changed all the world; no wonder it had elbowed Pap out a little.

"I'd love to help him, but they treat me like a princess in disguise!" she thought with a rueful

laugh, "and I'm only a foundling left at their back door."

Which was true. Pap had found her out by the barn one morning, and, no one claiming her, they had taken her into their home and hearts. They had even treated her more tenderly than a daughter, as if they held her in trust. But she knew when the mortgage on the place was pressing, after the chain store opened opposite. This evening Star slipped her hand through Pap's arm as they wandered down the beaten path together, and she kept her eyes on the strip of water shining in the dusk.

"What did you say was the name of your last customer, Pap," she asked, her cheeks pink, "the one in the roadster?"

"Nelson—seems to me that was it." Pap pretended to forget, then he chuckled, "Wants to buy a black mule, Stargrass."

She looked startled. "What?"

Mr. Binney enjoyed his joke enormously. "Asked who th' gal was on that black mule. Seemed to be mighty keen about th' mule!"

Star averted her eyes. "Look. The waterlilies are in bloom, Pap!" she exclaimed irrelevantly.

"I don't know as he can get along without that black mule."

Star started violently and looked around into the eyes of the young man who had seen her riding MacDonald's old black mule. For a moment she was vexed, then she laughed softly. "I wish you would—I was going to steal it, anyway!"

MA BINNEY

Mr. Binney went on slyly. "Say, Star, do you think MacDonald would sell Tex?"

Star, catching his eye unwillingly, began to laugh her catching, girlish laugh. "Mother's right," she said; "I've no business to ride mules bare-back—like a tom-boy!"

The old man patted her hand fondly. "Honey, I wish I could give you th' finest horse in the world to ride!" he said wistfully.

The girl gave him a swift upward glance.

"It's odd, isn't it? You and mother keep talking of giving me fine things. She's worse than you are lately. Pap, she keeps saying, 'Wouldn't you like to be rich, Star?' "

"She never had a child to grow up—of her own," said Pap quietly; "it makes her that way. You're like her own to her now. She wants to give you everything, Stargrass."

The girl laughed softly. "What a name you gave me, Pap! Did I look—like grass?"

The old man chuckled. "You were mighty little an' you had th' yellowest head, Star. It was your first hair—yellow like those little stars on blooming grass, stargrass they call it."

THEY had come to the edge of the pond and stood looking at the darting blue-winged gadflies and the lily-pads which lay thick at the edges.

"Kinder peaceful, ain't it Star?" Pap observed.

The girl's hand tightened on his arm. She felt suddenly a mysterious thrill; the soft dusk seemed to lap up all the light except that shimmer in the pool. She pressed her cheek against the old man's shoulder.

"I feel as if something was going to happen!" she whispered.

Mr. Binney, looking down at the lovely head and the shadowy gray eyes, smiled. "It ain't anything to do with a black mule, has it, honey?"

She flushed, shaking her head vigorously. "You're laughing at me, Pap!" she reproached him.

"No, I ain't," he assured her. "I was only thinkin' of old Zeb Jessup. Zeb was ridin' down Lord's Hill on his bicycle, an' he said to himself: 'Somethin's goin' to happen!' he felt that way. Maybe he was goin' to fall off an' bump his head. He kinder scrunched up on his wheel an' shivered like he had an ague. Sure enough, somethin' did happen! He got down t' th' foot of th' hill, met Widow Lookum an' popped th' question. He told me afterwards he hadn't

PAP BINNEY

any more idea of doin' it than th' next one. She took him in to th' soda fountain an' he swore afterwards she hypnotized him. He come out an' walked right over to Parson Jacobs—he lived across th' street then—an' got married. Presentiments ain't safe, honey." Mr. Binney was shaking now with silent laughter. "When you get to thinkin' somethin's goin' to happen an' that black mule—"

He did not finish. Star had clapped a soft hand over his mouth.

"Pap Binney, if you don't stop, I'll—"

"There's your Ma callin' you, honey." The old man broke away, still laughing. "Ma's all dressed up; I guess she's goin' to walk down by the millionaires'," he added, one of his ancient jokes at Mrs. Binney's expense.

Star hurled defiance back at him as she ran up the hill.

"What is it, Mother Binney? Pap and I were just looking at the pond—it's prettier every time!" she panted.

MRS. BINNEY, carefully arrayed in her Sunday best, stood waiting, holding a little flat package in tightly clutching fingers. There was something in her attitude and the strained expression on her round face that startled the girl. There was a little pink color in the wrinkled cheeks and the mouth was biting in—Mrs. Binney always bit in when she was excited.

"Where are you going, Mother?" Star asked quickly.

"Walkin'." Mrs. Binney spoke sharply. She was not herself; her eyes blinked. "I ain't set on duck-ponds—I like to see folks."

Star laughed, looking down at her pink gingham. "I'm not 'dressed up,' Mother Binney. Where are you going?"

"Fishkill Point Road—shortest way."

Star hung back. "That goes right down to Windymere Place," she objected, "and—why, Mother, they're terribly rich—the new people there; I saw them this afternoon. The girl—."

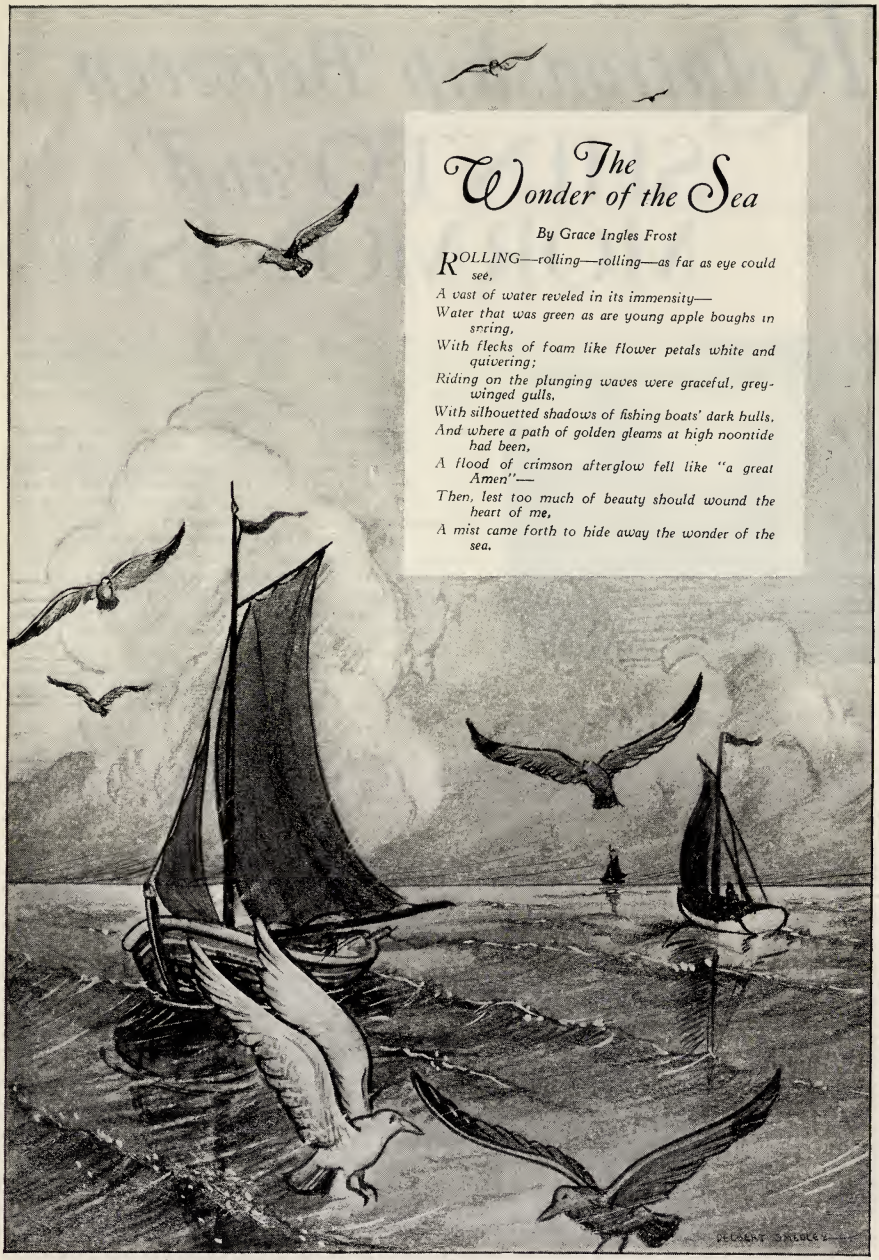
"The—what?" Mrs. Binney stood still, her eyes popping. "There ain't any girl there!"

"Yes, there is! A tall dark girl who dresses—" Star drew a faint sigh—"oh, she has the loveliest clothes—and her hat!"

"Dark?" Mrs. Binney considered. "Must be a niece or some-

(*Continued on page 696*)

BLANCHARD



The Wonder of the Sea

By Grace Ingles Frost

ROLLING—rolling—rolling—as far as eye could see,
A vast of water reveled in its immensity—
Water that was green as are young apple boughs in spring,
With flecks of foam like flower petals white and quivering;
Riding on the plunging waves were graceful, grey-winged gulls,
With silhouetted shadows of fishing boats' dark hulls,
And where a path of golden gleams at high noontide had been,
A flood of crimson afterglow fell like "a great Amen"—
Then, lest too much of beauty should wound the heart of me,
A mist came forth to hide away the wonder of the sea.

Relationship Between SHINTO and MORMONISM

Sapporo Shrine, Sapporo, Japan

THE chief reason for my coming to America, especially to the Brigham Young University, was one of religion. I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Japan in 1924. Then, in 1926, I met President Harris of the B. Y. U., our Church school, on his famous trip around the world. He explained to me conditions here and encouraged me to come here to learn more about things in general and theology or Mormonism in particular.

At the present time the Japanese mission of our Church is closed, and the Japanese Branch has been left alone by the general authority of the Church. It was opened by President Heber J. Grant, as an apostle, Elder Ensign, Elder Kelch, and Elder Taylor in 1901, and it was closed in 1924. At the time it was closed, there were five churches and about one hundred and fifty members in Japan.

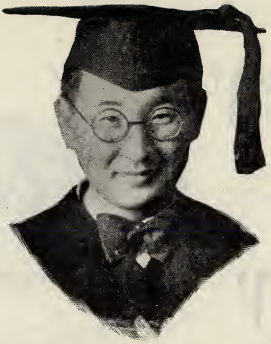
This closing was probably due to the fact that the missionaries could not make themselves understood to the Japanese people, and also to the fact that the Japanese people did not care for religion; but they studied all the sciences with all their might —this desire of study of the sciences has raised Japan from an uncivilized country to one of the Great Powers of the world in half a century. You will be able to imagine how they studied and adopted the European and American civilizations in order to bring about Japan's present position.

Another fact is that the Japanese language is very hard for Americans to learn and understand and that the Japanese customs are entirely different from what you have in this country. Another reason why Mormonism was refused by the Japanese people was the fact that the American people, who belonged to the same nation, to the same country and to the same race as the Mormon missionaries, talked against our Church; I mean the other American missionaries of the other churches told the Japanese people that Mormonism was Polygamy. This was the great objection to Mormonism in Japan; and the Japanese people only believed, and still believe, what the American people told them.

The Japanese people never read or studied our Church doctrines,

A Japanese Shrine

Those who would like to get a glimpse of what "the other half" are thinking will relish this article by an eager student of Christianity and especially of that branch of it known as Mormonism.



By

TAKEO FUJIWARA

Takeo Fujiwara

MR. TAKEO FUJIWARA was born on May 10, 1907, at a little town of 4,000 people, a famous place for the lily-of-the-valley, a symbol of gracefulness and purity, near Sapporo, the capital of Hokkaido Island, which is north of the Japanese main island.

Mr. Fujiwara joined the L. D. S. Church at Sapporo, Japan, on May 10, 1924. He was baptized by Brother Vinal Mauss of Murray, Utah, and was confirmed as a Latter-day Saint by Brother W. Lamont Glover of Brigham City, Utah.

In 1925 he was graduated from the Sapporo First Middle School (a high school grade in this country) and was engaged at the Prosecutors' Office of the Sapporo Provincial Court of Justice for ten months; then, in 1926, he was unusually appointed to the governmental post, a court clerk and reporter, at the Kushiro Provincial and District Courts of Justice. He was engaged there for a year and a half, and during which time he was promoted to three higher degrees in the Han'nin Rank, the Japanese lowest, governmental rank. This is an unusual promotion, because it usually takes at least three years to attain that promotion.

In 1926, when President F. S. Harris of the B. Y. U. visited Japan, Mr. Fujiwara met him in Sapporo. Through his encouragement, in November, 1927, Mr. Fujiwara came to America to study at the Brigham Young University. He graduated from the B. Y. U. High School in 1929, and was graduated, as the first Japanese graduate, from the University with a degree of Bachelor of Arts in June, 1933. He will continue his studies at the University for a Master Degree.

Mr. Fujiwara is well known around Utah and Idaho as a Japanese lecturer and entertainer, and has given many lectures and entertainments at high schools and various places in both states. He is the first and most prominent Japanese Latter-day Saint who has gone through the Salt Lake Temple. He has been teaching Judo or Jujitsu, a Japanese art of weaponless defense at the "Y," and is expected to continue to teach it next year.

the Book of Mormon, and other worthy books of our Church. I think, therefore, they will never understand our religion. At the same time, not only our missionaries but also most of the American people do not know much about the Japanese customs, language, and spirit. It was my surprise to know that some Americans, even if they are highly-educated or perhaps they are professors of universities, do not know which is the front of the Japanese book.

IT was also my surprise that many American people do not know much about the Japanese situation in Manchuria. Most of the college students in this country, I have heard, come to a college to have much fun, while in Japan the people come to study hard at a college, passing severe entrance examinations. Therefore, I might say that for this reason the missionaries' education was not higher than the Japanese people who came to the church in Japan; the missionaries with unskillful Japanese language could not make themselves understood to the Japanese people.

Without studying the other religions, some American people think that Christianity is the best religion in the world and other religions are not good at all, and that, at their worst, they make people pessimistic and worldly. But it is never good in this life to look at anything or anybody through the eyes of enemies. We grow greater and better only through sympathy and understanding; for if we hate, we cannot understand; if we understand, we no longer hate. "To understand all is to forgive all," will be necessary for all the people in the world.

Therefore, it is worth while to study the Japanese religions, for it will help in preaching the Gospel of Christ to the Japanese people. There are two great religions in Japan, besides Christianity. They are called Shintoism or simply Shinto, and Buddhism. It is my intention to bring the closer relationship between Shinto and Christianity, especially Mormonism.

Shinto is, I may translate, the Way of Gods; and now it is the national religion, supported by the government. In Shinto, "shin" is another sound for "Kami" which means God, or gods. It is hard for the Japanese people to understand what the Chris-

(*Continued on page 675*)

The Author in Native Costume

Money of the Valley

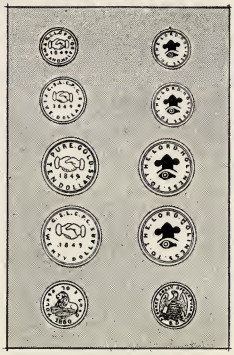
How many are aware of the fact that Brigham Young the Empire Builder, caused the minting of coins in his realm beyond the mountains? This article will be enlightening to some, and interesting to all who read it.

JOHN KAY did not know that the homely gold pieces which rolled like wagon wheels from his press in the Deseret Mint of 1850, Great Salt Lake City, would some day be so rare as to bring ten or twenty times their face value in gold, or so romantic as to spring to a coin collector's mind along with thoughts of ancient Roman silver, pirate gold, and pine tree shillings.

Perhaps if pioneer coiner John Kay had even dreamed that one of the Mormon ten dollar gold-pieces would some day be worth $750, or $24,000 a pound, he would have tried to make enough that every pioneer could leave a pound or so for each of his depression-plagued descendants.

Such wholesale minting of the coins would have rendered them less rare, and consequently less valuable now. But, at any rate, every person of pioneer stock would know the story which is scarcely ever told even in Utah.

Outfits and supplies for the thousand-mile trek across the plains required nearly all the money the pioneers could rake and scrape. Hence, after they had erected homes in the great basin and had made the beginnings of commercial activity, the Mormon settlers felt keenly a lack of money. Trade and barter were the general means of exchange; shoes and tables exchanged for bacon and flour, and doctors took out their pay in blacksmithing. The available money was needed for trade with the East.



Deseret Gold Coinage, 1849-1860

Captain James Brown had arrived from Pueblo, July 29, 1847, with one hundred disabled Mormon Battalion men and another hundred women and children. Armed with powers of attorney, Captain Brown left the valley August 9 for California to collect his soldiers' pay. He returned in December, laden with Spanish gold doubloons—$10,000 worth of them.

Putting the gold into circulation was like spilling the precious canteen of water upon the desert sand. Most of the Spanish gold may have gone to buy Eastern products or to finance further immigration. At any rate, within a short time little was to be seen of the doubloons.

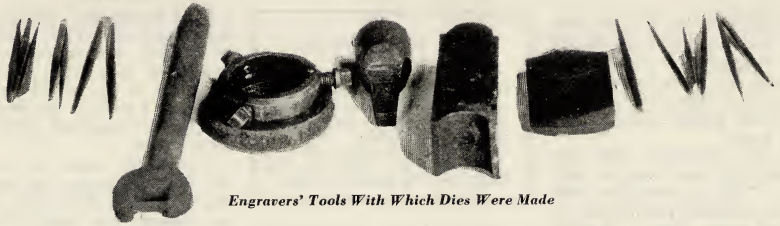
THEN came the memorable event of January, 1848, which was to set the entire country agog with a restless fever. A few discharged Mormon volunteers, having found work on the construction of a sawmill at Coloma, California, shoveled out the dirt to widen the channel of the mill-race. After a trial run had been made to clear the channel, the foreman, James W. Marshall, picked up from the debris washed into the tail-race, a few bright yellow pieces of metal. Unhappily for Captain Sutter, his employer, the magic word leaked out and started the cry, "Ho for California," which fired the treasure-seekers of

"Money of the Valley"
Photo Courtesy Deseret News

By
FRANCIS FOSTER

Dies for Deseret Coins

Photo Courtesy Deseret News



Engravers' Tools With Which Dies Were Made

"The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49."

After March, 1848, the Mormon soldiers began to arrive in "Mormondom" from the mines, bringing with them little bags of gold dust. Soon Great Salt Lake City was fairly well supplied with a sort of currency. However, using the substitute for money was hardly much better than having no medium of exchange at all. Change could not be made without inconvenient and inaccurate weighing.

In September, 1848, Brigham Young put into circulation $85 in small change which he had brought with him from his journey to the Missouri River that summer. The slight relief was but temporary, however, for the "chicken feed" soon passed out of circulation, and the pioneers were confronted with either using the gold dust or—well, doing whatever else there was to do.

John Kay tried the "whatever else." Kay had learned the art of pattern-making and moulding in metals in his "home town"—Bury, Lancashire, England, and now, "a thousand miles from anywhere," his skill was to be put to use.

UNDER Kay's direction, Alfred B. Lambson, a blacksmith, forged dies for the coinage of gold money, using steel furnished by Joseph L. Heywood, and Martin H. Peck fashioned the great drop hammer. Slow and painstaking was the work, but at last all preparations were complete, and the "Deseret Mint," which had been established in the back part of the small adobe building on South Temple Street, later shared with the "Deseret News," was ready for operation. But when Kay attempted to melt some gold for coining, his valley-made crucibles broke, and work had to be suspended.

But Kay's disappointment in the failure was mitigated when the Municipal Council authorized the issuance of paper money in place of the gold coins. The first money made in Deseret was signed January 1, 1849, by Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Thomas Bullock; this valley currency, dollar bills, was printed and issued on the first day of the new year.

A week later, bills of the Kirtland Bank, which had failed in the panic of 1837, were re-signed and issued along with the dollar bills of valley manufacture.

On January 22, Brigham Young and Thomas Bullock set the type for the fifty-cent valley bills. This "valley currency" was printed on the Ramage hand-press later used by the "Deseret News;" the first printing in the great basin was in connection with the currency of 1849.

Meanwhile, Kay, coiner of the Deseret Mint, was working away in the cellar of the little adobe building, refining the gold dust and nuggets which had been deposited in exchange for the "valley tan" currency. At last all was ready for striking pattern pieces. Trial pieces, bearing a design on only one side, were struck; they proved satisfactory, so preparations were made for coining the money for general use.

THE first coins for circulation were struck off in May, 1849, while Cary Peebles, a California pioneer who had sold goods to the Mormons, stood by and watched the coining of the gold. Peebles carried away with him $4,000 worth of the new money, the first Mormon gold, in return for his goods. They were not so fine as the federal coins, these pioneer pieces; yet they were mighty welcome to the pioneers.

The gold pieces, which are of

(*Continued on page 678*)

A Trip to the COLORADO RIVER

Those belated honeymoons! Many of us could take them if we would. Go with Mrs. Shirts on hers, and then plan one for yourself.

By
MRS. MORRIS SHIRTS

EARLY in the fall my husband and I took our belated "honeymoon" trip. Not to the brilliantly lighted city where amusement is the main thought, but to the rough mountain and sandy desert.

We left Escalante early one morning with our string of pack mules. The old one-eyed mule leading, we headed south down the dry and dusty desert. Twenty miles due south we traveled, then turned west into a very picturesque canyon, until we came to a nice place to camp.

My first night out under the stars, where all was quiet except for the tramping of the horses as they hunted for grass that grew on the hillside, and occasionally the long drawn-out howl of a coyote which could be heard through the canyon, echoing through the cliffs—how unreal!

Next morning as dawn lighted the way over the crags, we were up and all ready packed to travel. We journeyed up hill nearly all day, old Jen, the one-eyed mule, still taking the lead as we followed a long crooked slippery trail that wound in and out among the rocks and stately pines. Slowly up the steep mountain and along the narrow trail our mule packs traveled.

On top of the divide pinenuts were plentiful, and as we had plenty of time we stopped and gathered nuts, giving the horses a chance to rest and nibble a little green grass.

ON the third day we traveled down what is known as "Last Chance Canyon." There is a story told of how this canyon came by its rather queer name. Two men were traveling through the country and became lost. Several days they wandered. Their food was at last gone and their last chance was to kill one of their horses for food, but at the critical moment fate took a hand in the affair—a sheep camp was sighted, where they obtained aid.

As the day waned we came to the smoky mountain and camped that night at a sheep camp where we enjoyed 'sour dough' biscuits and mutton and potatoes fried in

Mrs. Morris Shirts

MRS. MORRIS SHIRTS lives in Escalante, that town "beyond the mountain" where the whistle of a train has never and will never be heard, in all probability. She, like many another of the desert born and reared, loves the plains, the red bluffs, and the ancient Colorado.

Ready for the Trip

Smoky Mountain, Looking South

Photo by Mrs. Morris Shirts

Photo by Mrs. Morris Shirts
On the "Silvery" Colorado

Mr. Shirts ready for the trail

a bake oven. How delicious! or was it because I was so tired and hungry?

Next morning a most wonderful sight greeted our eyes. The first real glimpse of the mountain that is rightly named "Smokey." The air was cool and steam seemed to be coming from every rock and bush, the entire mountain appearing to be smouldering. On going closer to these steam pots I was surprised to find great cracks in the rocks and from each cavity issued warm, foul-smelling fumes and the rocks above were coated with sulphur-like mineral. It was impossible to see to the bottom of any of the crevices or hear the pebbles we threw in strike solid ground. We spent several days exploring the mountain and making pictures, then traveled on down the box canyon until we came to the Colorado River. And oh, what a sight!

GOD must surely have had His best artists at work to put so much color into so many hills and rocks. For indeed it seemed they were but monuments to the glory of God, I'm sure His best work of art was displayed here. And through all this color and grandeur winds the silvery Colorado, looking so calm and peaceful and yet it is a very dangerous and treacherous river. It can be crossed only at certain times of the year and at certain places. The Navajo Indians cross it each year and bring many beautiful blankets to Escalante, where they trade or sell them as their fancy sees fit.

We spent days exploring the surrounding hills, my husband finally laughed at me and said:

"I see, Nita, we should have brought an extra pack to carry all your collections home."

And indeed we should have. I think I had enough rocks, coal, pieces of wood, etc., to have filled several sacks and upon realizing it could not all be taken home, I began the difficult task of selecting the ones I wanted most to keep. I know I have never had a harder job and I still bewail the fact that so many specimens had to be left behind.

On the Hills

By Guy E. Coleman

ARTIST Autumn tints the vale of Timpanogos
And he spreads his rich oblations on the hills.
Tender tints of cloud-toned sunset add their splendor,
Mystic music rises softly from the rills.

There is wonder in the weave of oak and aspen
Carpeting the steeps in patterns deft, divine,
There is beauty blushing in the crimsoned maples,
Nature-tapestries of exquisite design.

There's a charm of lavished color in wild gardens,
Magic when the mellow moon of harvest shines;
And my soul is stirred to tenderest devotions
When I hear the Voice Eternal through the pines.

There is harvest far more bountiful, O farmer,
Than the golden hoard which all your storehouse fills;
There is more than gold, O miner of the mountains
There is grandeur, glory, God there on the hills.

More Precious Than Rubies

Martha Runyon was a mother! That just about gives the theme of this tender story.

MARTHA RUNYON folded the sandwiches carefully in a waxed bread paper, gave them a loving pat, and wedged them into the cake-box beside the fat jelly roll. She had spent a full hour on the preparation of those sandwiches.

They must be tasty and dainty—like Olive herself. Martha hoped—oh, so fervently—that Olive would be pleased with what she had prepared. There were the hard-boiled eggs, the shrimp, and celery ready to be tossed together with salad dressing and heaped on the lettuce leaves white and crisp in damp cheesecloth.

Time was precious after four years—too precious to be spent in doing things that could be attended to before the train arrived. Four years! She hadn't seen her only daughter for four years!

Suddenly Martha's tired eyes were shining with mother-love. There had been only the letters these past four years—appreciative letters that comforted her for the cruel sacrifices she was making. Now she would have Olive herself, young, lovely, glowing with life, to love and mother and cherish.

It had been hard to send her away from the Western city which had been their home for so many years—sixteen hundred miles away to an Eastern school. Hard to think of even nine months without her dark fragile loveliness that made the drab little flat a shrine. But Martha had felt fiercely that Olive deserved more than the dismal flat could offer. Her child belonged to youth and gaiety and loveliness, at least as long as she was young and gay and lovely herself.

OLIVE'S dead father would have wished it so. And there was money enough from the insurance, by very close management, for Olive to have the essentials and a few luxuries.

As for Martha, she required so little. It hadn't been hard to get a job as cleaning woman at the county hospital. It paid enough to keep her in necessities. She had enjoyed it, too, interspersing her

"I hadn't heard you leave," she apologized. "Won't you be late?"

mopping and dusting with speaking a cheery word to those broken forlorn beings lying helpless for months at a time sometimes. For the last ten days she had spoken gently every morning to the frail little old-before-her-time girl-mother who would only say her name was Ethel, who turned away indifferently when her thin little baby girl was placed in her arms.

Olive didn't know about the work at the hospital. She must never know. Daughters didn't always understand that scrubbing and cleaning might be necessary but were not necessarily degrading. So, in order that Olive would not know, Martha had quit her job yesterday after four years of working and waiting for her cherished daughter to come home.

They had planned by letter what they would do. They would move to an apartment, not a flat, in the heart of the city and Olive would obtain a position. She had trained for secretarial work. She could easily find a position through one of her influential friends just as she had found one every summer since she had been gone. It had been hard, being separated in the summers too, but Olive had been so anxious to help pay some of her own expenses.

And now, after the long dreary stretch of four years, Olive would really be home today. In one hour, to be exact. Martha would have her for her very own again and all their golden dreams would come true.

She trembled a little as she fastened the clasps of the blue silk dress she had bought yesterday on purpose to wear to the station. It didn't seem right for anyone to feel so violently happy as she felt. Her eyes grew misty and she had to stop to wipe her glasses. Fumblingly, she reached for the only ring she owned beside the plain gold band she had never stopped wearing. It was a cheap little trinket with a red stone but her husband had kissed her finger when he slipped it on years ago.

"Some day I'll buy you a real ruby," he had promised.

And all through the years Olive had talked about the time when Mama could have her real ruby. It had grown to be an imaginary goal toward which to strive. It represented the end of bitter struggling; the beginning of a more gracious life.

By

IRENE DUNLAP

Illustrated by

CORNE VANDERENDE

Martha smiled through the mist in her eyes as she reached for her coat in the clothes closet. Real rubies belonged on white, beautifully-manicured hands, not on hands that were worn and rough and tanned.

SUDDENLY the silence of the flat was broken by the shrill peal of the door-bell. Martha hurried, tremulous. What if—? Was there an earlier train?

It was not, however, a smiling glowing girl who stood there as a glorious surprise. It was a casually indifferent messenger boy holding out a telegram. Fearfully Martha took the message. Read it through —stunned and unbelieving. Slowly then she went over the words. It couldn't be—after all their planning. But it was. It was there in cold print.

She was still leaning against the closed door when Mrs. Hughes pushed it open gently.

"I hadn't heard you leave," she apologized. "Won't you be late?"

Then her eyes fell on the open yellow slip. "Oh, Mrs. Runyon, not—?"

"Olive won't be home," Martha said monotonously. "She was married yesterday. To a wealthy fellow. They're going—they're going to a Harvard reunion of his on their honeymoon."

Mrs. Hughes was ominously silent. Then she burst out indignantly, "And after you've worked and slaved for her for four years, she turns down her own mother to go gallivantin' off to some college doin's."

"Olive doesn't know about my working, Mrs. Hughes," Martha interrupted quietly. "She thinks there's been enough from her father's insurance. And as far as her marrying—I married and you married. It's her own life the child has to live."

Mrs. Hughes closed her lips grimly. "Why couldn't she come home first and have him come and marry her here?"

"There wasn't time," Martha was quick in Olive's defense. "See, she says here in the day letter that immediate business is taking him away from the town where her school is for an indefinite time.

"The usual indifferent stillness characterized Ward C where Ethel lay. Her face was turned to the wall, away from the tiny bundle beside her."

That's the reason they decided to be married, so she could go with him. They're going to stop for this class reunion of his on the way. He's anxious to show her off to his friends. And *what* an impression she'll make. She's entitled to it," she turned to her neighbor fiercely, "all the fun and good times she can crowd into her youth. Some day she'll be old like us and she won't want trips and excitement."

"But not to come home at all when she's been gone four years

already," Mrs. Hughes pursued relentlessly.

"I'll bet the time has gone by on wings for her. It's when you are home waiting that time drags. But they're coming home as soon as this business trip is over. They're coming to visit me."

Mechanically she began to take off her hat and coat.

"Come over in about an hour, Mrs. Hughes," she invited, "and have some salad and sandwiches."

THE outside air was chill and drab, viewed from Martha's kitchen window. Smoke from neighboring factories poured forth in dirty curls that puffed feebly upward and then spread down heavily on lines of wet gray clothes. It was that dismal hour of a winter day when twilight has just begun to settle but cautious souls are waiting still a little longer to turn on lights. The twilight grew deep in the room behind her but still Martha stood at the window, oblivious to chill air and smoke and growing darkness.

She was seeing Olive through the years. The dimpled crowing baby depending on her for food and care. The little girl running home to Mother to have a skinned knee kissed or to have a soul-scarring hurt erased by loving arms and whispered words of sympathy. The older girl, tall and lovely as a nymph, needing even more a mother's tender counsel.

Now Olive was entering a new life with a husband to shield and protect her. She didn't need Martha any more. For a moment, Martha felt dizzy. Not to be needed! That meant she'd have to sit back and watch life instead of being in the midst of it. She was through preparing a young life to go forth and take her place in the world. She was through! Nothing to do but finish her own life, alone, undisturbed, just—just living until the end!

Something r e b e l l i o u s shot through her heart. No! She could never do that! She couldn't go on for years and years enduring a living stagnation. For a life without service would be stagnation. If there was someone else she could help. Someone who needed her.

Suddenly there flashed across her mind the pitifully old features of a girl-mother lying unwanted and unloved on a hospital cot. The girl who called herself Ethel. *That* girl needed her.

A light came back into her tired eyes. Resolution and courage flowed back into her veins. She squared her shoulders. There was work for her to do. There was love and comfort to be administered where it was sorely needed. Sit back and watch life go by? Not while there were Ethels in the world!

When Mrs. Hughes came in to share the salad and sandwiches a little later, Martha was laying the table in a cozily lighted kitchen with the same brisk energy that had always characterized her. She was even humming a little under her breath.

"Well, for a person that's just lost her daughter—." Mrs. Hughes began.

"You'd think Olive was dead and buried," Martha interrupted cheerfully, putting thick slices of jelly-roll on her prettiest hand-painted plate, "instead of just beginning the fuller life. God grant it may be full to the utmost for her, full of love and service. That's what life is for, Mrs. Hughes. Just giving. Now that business conditions are what they are, there are so many chances to help people."

Mrs. Hughes sniffed. "Your life from now on will be pretty dreary, I expect, you being alone and all. Come over and sit with us whenever you're lonesome," she invited.

On the Sweetwater, Wyoming
Martin's Cove in Distance

"I haven't much but what I have, I'm sure you're welcome to."

MARTHA thoughtfully put cream in her chocolate. "I won't be alone," she announced. "There's a girl at the hospital who needs me. If she is well enough, I'll bring her and her baby here right away. If not, I'll spend a part of each day with her there. Then as soon as she can be moved, I'll bring her here. That girl and that poor little baby need a mother's care."

"You don't mean—take some total strangers in?" Mrs. Hughes' tone denoted scandalized incredulity. "That isn't necessary, Mrs. Runyon. There's charity places. You don't have much yourself."

"If I did have," Martha put in grimly, "I'd adopt that baby."

Mrs. Hughes' fat round face dripped with incensed amazement. "At your age? I should think, as much as you've slaved all your life, you would be glad to sit down and rest for a few years."

"I'm only forty-six," Martha protested indignantly to the first suggestion. "If you think I am going to sit down and rest at my age! Why shouldn't I adopt a baby if I want to?"

"Honestly, Mrs. Runyon," Mrs. Hughes reasoned concernedly, "I think you are taking your disappointment awful hard. It's—it's put queer ideas in your head. You're trying to hold back. Why don't you just have a good cry and get it out of your system?"

"Why shouldn't I?" Martha demanded, ignoring the interruption and having no intention at all of having a good cry.

Mrs. Hughes settled down to intensive reasoning. "Well, for one thing, you must have used all your money. What right have you got to adopt a baby when you haven't the means to bring it up?"

"Yes," Martha acknowledged humbly, "that's it. I haven't any means. I'll work but I won't make enough to provide much for a baby."

"And, after all," her neighbor offered, "as long as the baby's mother is alive, she'd have something to say about you adopting her."

"Yes," Martha admitted, "that's right."

"Maybe Olive will let you come and live with her," Mrs. Hughes

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"Be Ye Therefore Perfect"

A Discussion of the M. I. A. Slogan

"Inspired by the Refining Influences of Mormonism, We Will Develop the Gifts Within Us"

By RICHARD R. LYMAN, Ph.D.

A Member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

FOR its members, the ideal of the Church of Jesus Christ, as stated by the Master himself, is: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48.)

In an effort to help its people approach this exalted ideal—perfection—the Church holds up standards; it also provides opportunities, and gives effective training leading to a well-rounded life including not only spiritual but physical and mental development as well. To those who are trained in our religious activities, Church ideals never cease to be ideals, Church standards never cease to be strong and powerful incentives to follow "the straight and narrow path" that leads to joy, honor and salvation eternal in the Great Beyond.

Let us then consider some of the spiritual uplifts the Church offers.

OUR spirituality is stirred and our faith strengthened by the satisfying conviction that we existed before we came to dwell on earth and that there is life beyond the grave. The importance, the joy and happiness and glory of life here on earth are greatly enhanced by the satisfying conviction that our souls are immortal

Victor Hugo said: "When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens with the dawn."

Glorious indeed is our belief in the everlasting union of husbands and wives and of parents and children. We not only believe in marriage but that family relationships are not for time only but for eternity as well. Courageously and faithfully Latter-day Saints are bearing and bringing up children to whom, both by example and precept they try to teach the exalted standards of the Church. Thus we are doing an important part in that divine plan in accordance with which human beings are born, taught, trained and educated here on earth in an eternal line of progression.

When individuals old or young are confirmed members of the Church, one having authority lays his hands upon their heads and says, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." The companionship of the Holy Ghost is a rich gift; it is one all Latter-day Saints should take pride in developing.

Its enjoyment awakens in human hearts higher ambitions and more ardent desires to live in accordance with the exalted standards of the Church. So living, actually makes people different. This spiritual change or transformation which comes to those who possess the Holy Ghost was referred to by the Savior when he said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John 3:5.) It is the unceasing uplift of the Spirit, it is the power of God that makes people stronger and more God-like and prepares them for living throughout eternity in the kingdom of our Father. Having thus been "born again," enjoying richly the inspiration and power of the Spirit makes human beings more or less immune to wrong-doing, as vaccination makes them immune to smallpox or inoculation makes them immune to typhoid fever.

AN uplift comes, ideals and ambitions are kept exalted by the practice of asking the blessing on the food and of participating with regularity in daily family and individual prayers. Such practices enable us, in the language of the ancient prophet, to "walk in the light of the Lord." (Isa. 2:5.) Even one as wise and great as Benjamin Franklin realized the importance of placing trust in Divine Providence. In the Constitutional Convention he said, "I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men." In the dark days of the Civil War Lincoln said the great trouble with our nation was, "We have forgotten God." The Church is struggling to have its people remember Him.

Partaking of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper weekly and worthily is another requirement or practice of faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ. In the Sacrament meeting the faithful have an opportunity of coming into close communion with the spirit and power of Almighty God. It is during these moments of intense worship that silent prayers are offered, that sins are forgiven, that new resolutions are formed which keep people striving on successfully, to walk in that straight and narrow way that leads into the presence of our Father.

By practicing the law of tithing funds are secured for conducting the affairs of the Church. Thus, all faithful Saints contribute one-tenth of their income for the advancement of our Father's kingdom.

Practicing the law of tithing is but teaching or practicing that great fundamental Christian principle, that important lesson of the Master, namely, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. (Acts 20: 35.) Look into the face of the faithful tithepayer. See the joy in his countenance. His life is one that is filled with true happiness. On all such the Lord has promised that he will open the windows of heaven and pour out countless material and spiritual blessings.

THE missionary system of the Church instituted under the direction of the Prophet Joseph certainly bears evidences of being a divine institution. This activity brings young men and young women, during what is perhaps the most critical age of their lives, into close contact with the perfect life and teachings and labors of Jesus, the Son of God. Those who go into the mission field do so at their own expense, thus practicing in another way that important Christian doctrine of unselfishness. These missionaries not only acquire a knowledge of the Gospel but they get that knowledge well grounded by actual practice because they go from house to house month after month and year after year teaching these important Gospel truths and practices to all whom they can induce to listen. Thus in their lives and in their souls are grounded, in the days of their youth, those great and fundamental principles which have such a tremendous uplift in the lives of human beings.

Now we may consider some of the refining influences and practices of Mormonism which develop men physically.

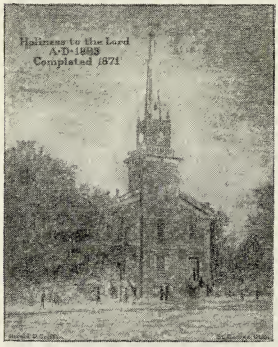
Through the Prophet Joseph Smith the Lord has revealed the knowledge that "the spirit and the body are the soul of man; and the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul." (D. & C. 88:15-16.) Because the body is the tabernacle of the spirit of man, we consider it to be sacred.

The Word of Wisdom was given for "the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days." It enjoins abstinence from alcoholic beverages, tobacco and hot drinks and moderation in the eating of meat and also specifies the foods which are wholesome for the use of man.

We have placed emphasis upon the promise that physical, mental and spiritual growth may be advanced through observance of this law of health. Our Utah products, those whose parents for a generation have lived in accordance with the Word of Wisdom and the high ideals of the Church, make outstanding records in physical contests of various kinds. They appear to have unusually fine physiques.

LET us also consider some of the scholastic teachings, the mental training offered by the Church and its organizations. One of our mottoes, as expressed in the words given to us by the Prophet Joseph Smith, is "The glory of God is intelligence." Naturally, following leadership with such a banner, the Church and its organizations are striving constantly to spread knowledge and to develop understanding. To our Church members an educational training is given which literally extends from the cradle to the grave. History and literature, health and science, art, recreation, music, drama, public speaking—the Church offers opportunity for training in these and many other lines. In fact every truth and all knowledge which make people better and happier may appropriately be made a part of the training and education given to the people by the Church and its many organizations.

To the public schools we send our children and to these institutions we give whole-hearted support. Since the Church teaches that the glory of God is intelligence and that men are saved no faster than they gain knowledge, to be true to our teachings we must and we do accept all truth of every kind from whatever source it comes.



St. George Tabernacle
By Harold R. Griffin

After spending several years in a great eastern college, one of our Utah boys said: "The greatest handicap to those who are born and reared in the Mormon Church is that they do not appreciate their own strength, they do not see the richness and appreciate the value of the gifts that are within them.

This young man explained that he went into this great eastern college somewhat timorously and did not appreciate for a considerable time the gifts which were within him. But by degrees he discovered that he could learn the lessons and solve the problems with as much speed and certainty and thoroughness as could those who had been born and who had received their undergraduate training in the East. By degrees he discovered that others, even the brightest of the students, made mistakes and had to work hard to solve the problems and learn the lessons. He discovered also that even the greatest of his professors were made of the same flesh and blood that he was made of and that they too learned only by hard study, that they solved problems only by putting forth the same kind of effort he had to exert.

Thus one product of the Church, one who had the blood of the Pioneers flowing in his veins, had his eyes opened when he came in contact with others. He began to discover and appreciate the strength and greatness of the gifts within him; he began to feel the strength which had come to him as an inheritance from his Pioneer parents who all their days had lived in conformity with the ideals of the Church.

THE broad and varied program of the Mutual Improvement Associations is supposed to have in it so many and such varied elements that some portion of it will contain a genuine and effective appeal to every human heart. The aim is to teach young people to appreciate their own strength and to evaluate with accuracy their own gifts and the gifts and abilities of others.

Our contests, for example, are expected to arouse our young folks to intense activity, to awaken within them the highest possible ambition. We give opportunity for

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The Spirit and the Body

Including Observations in Newer Physiology

By L. WESTON OAKS, M. D.

In this article a trained medical doctor, who is also a trained Latter-day Saint, discusses that great duo—the Spirit and the Body. Some of the facts here presented lead to interesting speculations.

SOME months ago newspapers commented on the fact that, in an eastern laboratory, a piece of heart muscle had begun its twenty-first year of rhythmic contraction outside the body to which it belonged. That is, an individual organism died or was killed, and its heart has been kept alive more than twenty years by perfusing it with a solution containing those elements essential to its nutrition and activity.

Besides bearing scientific interest, this experiment carries significance as a vital section in the fascinating religious mosaic which is gradually being assembled for us out of discoveries in science. The picture, when finally completed, will stand as a monumental testimony of life beyond the grave—a living demonstration that the mortal organization of man includes something vital, active, and divine which is not bounded by mortal death. Many of the pieces are yet only partially moulded, and are but slowly evolving. Others, swiftly formed, have been ignored in our lack of wisdom to recognize their precious nature, and temporarily discarded with the rubble. Some, heedlessly placed, have been made to distort and render ridiculous the ensemble. Such mistakes have not resulted from wilful intent, but have occurred as natural consequences of our possessing too few of the sections to clarify our vision of the whole. Then too, the influence of human desire for conformity, and fear of ridicule by contemporaries in the field of scientific research, have effectually prevented recognition of the spiritual significance which might otherwise have been attributed to many discoveries in science.

Especially during the last decade have more productive and more promising attempts been made to see into the mysteries of Creation, and to demonstrate the production of life. In physiologic research, various experiments have been and are being carried on in this direction. Not long since, an eminent and scholarly American surgeon, who is also an investigator of recognized ability, announced that he had succeeded in generating amoebic life through the manipulation of certain coloidal substances. Naturally, such a claim aroused considerable comment and not a little excitement. However, it was soon shown that the phenomena he had thought due to his material taking on the properties of living matter were actually produced by demonstrable purely physical and chemical influences.

Dr. L. Weston Oaks

DR. L. WESTON OAKS is a practicing ear, nose and throat specialist in Provo. He was born in eastern Utah. In later years he studied at Brigham Young University and in eastern medical schools. He has been practicing for more than ten years.

AT the present time, in most medical laboratories of major American universities, studies in tissue cultures are being pursued. By this is meant the placing of a few cells from a human or other animal body under such conditions of warmth, moisture, and nutrition as to promote their continuation of life. So dealt with, the tissue cells will not only live on for a time, but will also carry on the process of cell division. So far, these experiments are only primitive, but they do demonstrate again that ability of body cells to live on after death of the organism, and to continue some of their activities, such as growth. Some success has been achieved with tissue from the human cornea—or clear part of the eyeball—with bone, with cartilage, and with other types of tissue, both human and lower animal.

It has long been a practice in teaching certain phases of physiology to use what is designated as a muscle-nerve preparation, consisting of the dissected thigh and leg muscles of the frog, together with the sciatic nerve supplying them. By keeping these moist with normal salt solution, it is possible to cause the muscles to respond to stimulation for many hours after the individual animal has ceased living.

At least four observers have studied the electrical phenomena emanating from the heart, in relation to death. Each of them has recorded, with the electrocardiograph,* activity in the human heart for as long as thirty to forty-five minutes after individuals were pronounced dead by all ordinary indi-

*An instrument for recording the heart beat by registering electrical currents set up in its muscle.

cations. This means that the heart, in each case studied, retained sufficient of its vital organization to make definite efforts at beating, for at least one-half hour after the individual body was classed as dead.

In a surgical hospital of Moscow in Russia, a man who had attempted suicide by cutting the veins in his forearm with a razor, lay dying from acute loss of blood. The head surgeon suddenly left his bedside and hurried down to the hospital morgue, where he uncovered the body of a man who had died six hours earlier of a fractured skull. Opening the abdomen hurriedly, he removed from the vena cava nearly a pint of blood, rushed upstairs, and injected it into the vein of the dying man. Four days later the patient left the hospital cured! Further study shows that the blood of a cadaver keeps its vitality for twelve hours after death. Collected from the dead body within this period and preserved under proper conditions, it may be used for transfusion any time within twenty-eight days. Hence "a man may be useful to his fellow men even after death."

DURING the autumn of Nineteen Hundred Thirty-One, in a medical college hospital, a young man died of meningitis arising from infection of the nasal accessory sinuses. Death occurred at seven o'clock in the morning, and the body was immediately transferred to the hospital morgue. At one o'clock in the afternoon, the postmortem examination was conducted, during which a small clipping of mucous membrane was removed from one of the sinuses for microscopic examination. A portion of this specimen was mounted in normal salt solution and studied to see if any of the cilia† were present. Not only were cilia found, but at this time—six hours after the individual organism had as a whole ceased to function—they were still in vigorous motion, sweeping across the microscopic field at great velocity any blood cells or other particles coming within reach of their stroke! Despite the fact that they were simply mounted in cold fluid and no attempt made to prolong their life, these structures continued incessant activity for three hours longer, or for nine hours after the man's death!

Naturally such an experience may leave some weird impressions, and may cause some of us a measure of trepidation lest we be entombed before we are completely dead. More significantly though, it raises the question: *what is death?*

The phenomenon of physical death has always been regarded as a mysterious entity, inevitable, but to be avoided so long as possible. Scant attention has been given to scientific study of it, yet there may be something of vital import to be learned from such an inquiry—something precious and reassuring in times of uncertainty and doubt.

Careful scrutiny of the material already mentioned might reasonably lead one to a consideration of the hypothesis that mortal death involves at least two definite processes and that cells of various body tissues may be caused to live on for weeks, months, and even years after this so-called terminal event has been repeatedly shown. Yet not one of these living preparations retains any apparent characteristic by which it can be identified as belonging to an individual body. They become merely tissues of particular classes. The corpse, even a few minutes after what we consider as death, presents little to denote the qualities of personality which characterized it in life. We see before us a lump of material, retaining the same shape and consistency as in life, but vastly different in its power and effectiveness. Yet experience has repeatedly shown that the cells in that structure are still living for some hours after this great change has occurred. A vital something has been extracted from the physical machine—a something which gave to it organization and purpose. All of the structure may still be there, even to the last cell. Yet, it has suddenly become incapable, inert, selfless.

Queen of the Meadows

THEOLOGICAL usage has given us the term "spirit" for that *part* of man which is supposed to transcend the termination of mortal life. Since no better terminology is at hand, we may well designate these two events in temporal death as: (1) departure of the spirit, and (2) death of the body.

The latter stage has been termed somatic death, and gives the signal for natural agencies of decomposition to begin their elemental disintegration of the tissues. Regarding the physics and chemistry of this, man has learned certain things, and can apply laws and principles governing or modifying them.

The first episode of death, however, is yet as a closed book. Efforts to weigh, measure, or photograph the something which is lost, or to apply other methods of physical science to its study have been essentially futile. May it not be that, since the matter concerns science of the spirit, it must be attacked with spiritual instruments and methods? With such equipment man seems so far wholly unfamiliar; but does that disprove its existence? Conceivably the experimental plan of study in things spiritual may yet come into its own.

A homely but interesting analogy may be drawn between the human body and a finely coordinated machine, such as an airplane or motorcar, with all its parts in perfect condition and the fuel tanks loaded, but the motor idling. Man, representing the spirit or intelligence, steps to the controls. The motor is accelerated, gears are

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†Cilia are minute, hair-like processes carried by most of the cells lining nose and sinuses, and which are during life in constant rhythmic motion. They tend to sweep or move in definite directions any material attempting to find lodgment upon the surfaces of the membranes. They are often lost in prolonged disease of the structures.

By
BELLE J. BENCHLEY

Here is a living "Pin Cushion," and what an odd darling it is! These little fellows are frequently found in the open by those who frequent the hills, but they are not easily found.

The Little Quills Stood Straight on End. Just Like His Mother's.

The PINCUSHION BABY

A BIRD cage may seem to be a queer house for a porcupine, but the only porcupine born in the San Diego Zoo first saw light through a bird cage. Porcupines are not easily kept in any sort of cage, especially if there is wood around, for they like nothing better than to gnaw pine boxes into sawdust for their breakfast. In the wilds, they live largely upon pine bark and the soft, damp wood just under the bark. They girdle trees and damage our forests. Even in the bird cage, Mother Porcupine set to work on the door, the only edible material at hand. But most of the cage is made of wire and cement; and besides, when the baby came, the mother had more to do than to gnaw wood.

The baby was born one night after the keepers had gone home. In the morning, they found the baby pincushion with quills as soft as the pin feathers of large birds. His stubby little tail was equipped with hollow quills which were open at the ends. He could rattle them almost as well as a snake rattles its tail.

MRS. PORCUPINE was very proud of her baby. She washed his face and nosed him just as though he were covered with silken fur or downy feathers instead of sharp-pointed quills. It was only a few hours, though, before his quills stiffened up like his mother's. For a few days, he watched her spread her quills. After that, when anyone came close to the wire, the miniature pincushion turned around and backed up at them, his every quill standing straight on the end. He had learned something that many people who have lived around animals for years do not know.

Almost every day visitors at the zoo say to their children, "Come away from that cage. Those porcupines will shoot their quills into you." Baby Pincushion, though, even when he was just a few days old, knew very well that he could not shoot his quills. No porcupine can. To use their quills, porcupines must back up to you and stick them into your flesh. Once in your flesh, however, the quills hang faster to you than they do to the porcupine's own body, to which they are loosely bound.

But Mother Porcupine had another use for her quills. When danger was near, she always rattled her tail. If she ever made any other sound, we were not able to hear it.

At meal time, she lay on her stomach, which is the only way a porcupine can possibly lie in comfort. The baby cuddled beside her, pushed his nose right in among her quills, and drank porcupine milk to his heart's content. His contentment was expressed by a sigh, a smacking of the lips, and very shortly after dinner by a comfortable sleep. Everyone looked to see whether his nose and eyes were not full of his mother's quills. They were not, of course.

BABY PINCUSHION grew rapidly after the first few days, but his quills grew faster still. The male of his species has very long quills, so it was not long before he looked very much larger and more fierce than his mother.

Now he is two years old. He likes to be with his mother all of the time and insists on sleeping at her side. However, when they rest now, Mother Porcupine makes her son lie with his head in the opposite direction from her own. In that way, their quills do not interfere with each other; and since it is much more comfortable, Master Pincushion makes no objections.

Foolish Ambitions

By HAROLD THORPE

DID you ever have a foolish ambition? Ponder this question gravely a moment before you make a reply. A little reflection should bring vividly to your mind a multitude of your own youthful and childish ambitions. Undoubtedly a considerable number of these would have caused you much embarrassment, if not disaster, had you realized them. From childhood up we are prone to many strange and foolish ambitions.

Remember those we had when we were clever little girls three years old, and our mothers belonged to the Children's Diet Association? This association met once a month to discuss whether boys should eat boiled turnips for breakfast or fried cabbages for dinner. After much research and investigation, and much experimental stuffing of boys on bran, and buttermilk, and stewed prunes, these discussions finally led to the conclusion that boys' appetites were larger than their stomachs; and therefore, boys should eat more mush for breakfast and less beef.

Mother sometimes took us with her to these important deliberations. How we thrilled when we were all ready in new dresses! But by the time we reached the front gate on the way to the Convention on Mush and Appetites, we would suddenly be seized with a violent and foolish ambition to play the game of the Mountain and the Valley out in the middle of the street.

It was a simple game, easily played. We would rush out into the middle of the road and scoop all the dust and dirt we could find into a pile, which we called a Mountain. The low place from which we scooped the dirt we called the Valley. After our building and scooping was all done, we would lie down on the Mountain and roll off into the Valley.

WE didn't always finish the game, for Mother could see dangers that we could not see, and called us back. "Chris William!" she would cry warningly, "see that cow? Come right back here this instant, Chris William, or that cow will eat you up in one big bite!"

With a shriek we rushed back to Mother and safety. Sometimes we couldn't see the cow, and protested against this uncalled for interruption. But Mother always knew where that terrible cow was lurking, waiting to rush out and gobble up little girls.

She was right inside the gate, under some bushes—or she was down in the cellar. One day the cow was in the chicken coop—causing a lot of hens to cackle. We could hear the hens, and Mother knew the old rascal was out there. And one day that old gobble-all hid in the stove down in the basement. No one ever knew how the cow got into the stove, but Mother said she was there.

But worst of all was that warm day in June, when we wanted to play ever so much, and that old fool of a cow began singing, "Yankee Doodle" across the street before we could even start.

We doubted it was the cow singing, for it sounded very much like the voice of Francis Ann Friskom, who lived across the way, and who warbled every morning because Bert Butterhead was her beau. Neighbors said that Francis Ann always sang "Yankee Doodle" at the top of her voice the day after she and Bert became reconciled after a quarrel.

But Mother knew positively that the cow was in the wash-tub singing "Yankee Doodle" because she was hungry. The old heathen was only waiting a favorable opportunity to rush out and grab us, bounce back into the wash-tub again, and there chew two little girls of tender years and pounds and pigtails into forty-seven cuds. So that memorable day we looked pretty and remained with Mother, and went with her to the debate between clabber and bologna. Sometimes Mother spanked us to save us from the cow. (I can feel my last spanking yet.) And that last spanking cured me for all time of ever wanting to play the game of the Mountain and the Valley on Mush Association day.

AND then there is that other foolish ambition that used to stir ten year old boys whenever a big brass band in bright uniforms would come to town

(*Continued on page 679*)

Personality— E. W. HOWE

By

JOSEPH FAUS

Edgar Watson Howe, 76, former cowboy, miner, farmer and intinerant printer; former editor and publisher of the very individualistic "Atchison Globe," Atchison, Kansas; author of "The Story of a Country Town," "Anthology of Another Town," "The Story of a Country Man," "Ventures in Common Sense," and other books, is reputed to be the most widely quoted man.

SOMEONE has said the leopard cannot change its spots. Men have been born whose minds become symbolically the same. Nature, heredity and environment combine to endow them with a gospel of living, and to their gospel they cling. Be this gospel sane and conservative, happy peradventure the individual; and if the life of the individual is not circumscribed in orbit, the effect of his personal philosophy, gradually evolved, is bound to be more than casual.

Fifty years ago Mark Twain read with relish and gusto a new novel, product of such an aforesaid sane and conservative individual, to his friend, George W. Cable. He read, that is, subject to Mr. Cable's frequent interruptions, which were of such enthusiastic import as "Superb!" and "Colossal!"

At approximately the same time a book reviewer for *The Century Magazine*, by name William Dean Howells, was penning to the unknown author of the same novel an epistle containing the following excerpts: "Your book is a remarkable piece of realism * * * the only one of our times that seems to have vitality. * * * The simple, naked humanism of it is extraordinary. * * * Upon your honest piece of work I give you my hand, with my heart in it."

Edgar Watson Howe, homespun youth, had projected his forceful personality into that book: the characters were flesh and blood, the scenes were stark and intense; no subtlety adorned the dialogue, no exoticisms the atmosphere. Still, it is interesting to chronicle, every publisher then in the United States had refused the manuscript; and the impecunious author, undismayed, had printed it himself. He set the type with his own hands, ran off the pages on a small job press in his Atchison, Kansas, weekly newspaper office, and then crudely bound them into book form.

It is anticlimax to say that after the literary Daniels had paeaned their judgments, the publishers avidly sought permission to print other editions of the book they had previously rejected—anticlimax to say that E. W. Howe's first novel, "The Story of a Country Town," is yet selling and, according to many authorities, is the "Great American Novel" to date.

FIFTY years is a long time. A long time. The laudatory letters that Howells and Twain wrote to young Howe are yellow and faded, and young Howe is now old. His body has changed, but his philosophy of life, like the leopard's spots remains unchanged. (And why not? Has better been divulged? Where are prettier spots than the leopard's?) True, with the years it has ripened and mellowed, rather than grown acid and petulant, but essentially it is the same.

"The pot of gold is not found at the end of the rainbow, but at the end of a good day's work."

"Self-denial is easier in the long run than self-indulgence."

"Better be safe than sorry."

"Greatness is simplicity—simplicity is effectiveness—effectiveness is success—success is living an honest and upright life."

"You may talk all you please about religion and patriotism, but a right good love affair moves a man more than anything else."

"Watch out at a dining-room table as you would at a railroad crossing."

"When a man says money can do anything, that settles it. He hasn't any."

For a half century, and more, the press has been broadcasting his terse and witty ideas to the world—ideas that are the very warp and woof of Ed Howe himself. This Champion of the Average Man, who proudly "preaches from the audience," belongs to no orthodox school and acknowledges no master, save truth as he sees it. And—fascinating fact!—he cannot write or talk, or even walk, without eliciting some response from someone somewhere.

"Who," asked a well-known psychologist of me one day last winter in Miami, after I had left the side of Mr. Howe, "is that gentleman?"

"First," I countered, curious, "tell me *what* he is."

"Well," replied he slowly, "I have been studying his face for the

(*Continued on page* 686)

There was an Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe

"There was an Old Woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do,
She gave them some milk
Without any bread,
And spanked them all soundly
And sent them to bed."

JOHN OLSON, florist, designed and executed the unique flower display pictured here. It appeared as one of the interesting floral features at the grounds of the Utah State Hospital at Provo, Utah, last year. People from many states viewed the exhibit and pronounced it unusually interesting.

We have just passed through another glorious summer, and we feel certain that in many sections of the world there are gorgeous flower displays just now and thousands of unique designs worked out in foliage and blossoms. We are eager to see some of these and to pass them on to our readers.

The *Improvement Era* will pay one dollar for actual photographs of floral designs growing in the out-of-doors this year, 1933.

Here are the instructions:

Photograph the design.

On the reverse side of a glossy print give name, address, and date of the photograph. Retain the film, but have it available if it is called for.

Mail the print to *The Improvement Era*, Floral Design Editor, 50 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah, on or before October 30.

The ten most interesting photographs will be paid for at one dollar each. All others will be returned if self-addressed and stamped envelope is enclosed.

This is How the Shoe-House Was Made

"The idea is an original one," said John Olson, florist at the Utah State Hospital, "as I have never seen anything like this before in my life. The shoe is seven feet high, 80 inches in length, and 40 inches in width.

"The leg was made of 4,000 echeverias, or hen and chickens, and 500 alternatheras, yellow and green. The sole of the shoe required 100 achyranthes. The door is the old English type with long brass hinges and old-fashioned brass knocker. On the opposite side of the house there is an English window with a flower box attached. The grounds represent a rolling meadow with English daisies scattered about, all in-

closed by a rock garden planted with flowers in harmony with the picture.

"On the grounds are to be seen the Old Woman and five children. She is shown in the act of punishing one. Rabbits, dogs, cats, and a green frog under a toad stool made of a giant type of acheveria are to be seen on the grounds.

"The old well and oaken bucket are in the picture, as well as a little garden seat. One can easily breathe here the words of the old song:

" 'How dear to my heart
Are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection
Presents them to view'."

POETRY

Who Dares

By Christie Lund

WHO dares to draw the line
Between the real and the unreal,
The finite and the infinite?
Dares say
The rose, which withers at a touch,
More tangible than its
Pure, lingering perfume?
The dreams and introspection
Of a soul
Less actual
Than the body's clumsy touch?
Or who dares claim
That death is absolute
Because a heart,
Which beat but by a higher will,
Has ceased
And left us
Fingering our husks?

Sing on Today, Brave Poet

By Bryce W. Anderson

SING on! Tomorrow may be drab and gray;
The song that bursts your heart may fade away;
The flower may wilt, the song-bird pass you by;
Dark clouds may hide the blue of sun-kissed sky;
The gentle muse tomorrow may be gone;
Lost love may turn your heart to stone.
Sing on!

Moored

By Alberta Huish Christensen

OH I could sail the Seven Seas,
But could I find on distant **strand**
A wonder half so rare, my dear,
As your wee hand?

And could the sea, however blue,
Or lambent stars let fall such light
As lustrous candle-glow, upon
Your hair tonight?

Oh I'll not sail the Seven Seas—
For treasures of the earth and skies
Out-treasured are, my dearest dear,
In two blue eyes!

Embers

By Estelle Webb Thomas

I HAD thought when the flame of love blazed bright,
When it warmed the day and illumed the night,
That should ever it flicker or wane away
The whole of life would be void and gray.

I did not know that the steady glow
Of its quenchless embers smouldering low,
Could melt from a wandering heart its chill
And prove a haven—precious still!

Summer

By Annie Wells Cannon

INCENSE and color everywhere
The fragrant air, exultant flings
Her sweetness to the western winds
Far to the north, the song birds fly
Thrilling with joyous melody.

And in the sapphire sky
The glorious stars so brightly shine
That heaven and earth become divine.
Always golden Summer brings
Life's most precious offerings.

These Are Camping Days

By Weston N. Nordgren

WHAT ho! These are the camping days
When soft, cool mountain breezes blow,
Enticing men and boys to pack, and trail
Into the forests touched with virgin snow!
These are the nights of stars; and deep,
All-penetrating thoughts. When father, son
Share food together by the evening fire;
And ties that bind their spirits are begun.

What ho! All boys—all leaders, too—
Prepare your kits, and hike along,
And climb, and sweat, and rest a bit;
And break forth joyously in rousing song!
These are the days of nature—New
And clean from trouble, daily toil;
These are the nights when God is near—
And Youth finds kinship with the soil.

Autumn

By Audrey Gubler

MISS AUTUMN is coming today,
Let's go out and greet her.
She looks lovely in her clothes so gay,
I'll be very glad to meet her.

She is a blend of gorgeous colors—
All orange, yellow, and red.
I wonder where is Miss Summer?
Perhaps she has gone to bed.

Camp on the Tom Sun Ranch, on the Sweetwater, Wyoming

Supposing

By Frances Hall

IF I should have a little girl
With happy-sunshine hair,
I'd plant for her gay, laughing flowers
To make her toddling fair—
A blue delphinium paradise
To match the glory of her eyes.

If I should have a baby boy
With eager, freckled nose,
I'd have a great, broad-breasted lawn
For little, stumbling toes.
If such wee folk should come to me,
What a joyous gardener I should be.

Dear Sweet Wild Rose

By S. B. Mitton

DEAR sweet wild rose, to me so fair a flower,
Why fade away and die so very soon?
Why leave your nook, your pretty leafy bower
And only stay a few short days in June?
Do you not live mid leaves your own breath scented?
Do not the breezes kiss your ruddy lips?
Then why not stay and bloom and be contented
While from your lips, bright rays, the dew-drops sip.

Dear sweet wild rose, mid briars and brambles smiling,
Your fragrance with soft blushes giv'n to them;
Your innate charm, unwary hands beguiling,
Which break you rudely from your thorny stem.
You'll bloom again, I know, mid briars and brambles,
But not until a year has passed away;
'Tis when the fleecy lamb in meadow gambols,
And birds and brooks and breezes are at play.

The Path We Tread

By Ida R. Alldredge

SOMETIMES we look through vision clouded o'er
Our path seems rough, perhaps a little steep
We wail, bemoan our fate the more
Self-pitying the while, for this we weep
The flowers bloom in beauty all in vain
The perfume of their petals fill the air
They shower at our feet like drops of rain
And carpet tired feet that do not care
The warblers sing from dawn till eventide
Arrayed in gorgeous colors, green and gold
The eyes of heaven high above us ride
And light the path we tread with shining gold
Could greater wealth our steps bestrew
Than snow our pathway fresh with heaven's dew?

Editorial

WE are advised by legal counsel that the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act do not apply to the Church and its activities. Nevertheless, in order to be as helpful as possible in the efforts of the president to relieve the conditions of distress throughout the country, the Church gladly joins in the measures the President has inaugurated, and will meet, in its offices, the requirements made of industrial enterprises in the matter of minimum wages and maximum working hours for employes, this being the only respect in which the provision of the act could have relation to Church activities.

Heber J. Grant
A. W. Ivins
J. Reuben Clark Jr.

Not One Cent for Tribute

SINCE the kidnapers of Baby Lindbergh worked their racket so successfully, there has been a veritable epidemic of kidnapings. The unscrupulous evidently have said to each other: "Why shouldn't we band together and pluck some of this wealth. In these days of aeroplanes, high-powered cars, and motor boats, with rings of criminals ready to assist us to escape, we stand little chance of being apprehended; if we are, loose-tongued attorneys with no regard for human justice will be able to get us off with light sentences if we are not liberated entirely."

The racket has worked for huge amounts several times recently, and no one knows how many less important kidnapings have reaped smaller rewards.

So long as men and women are willing to pay, kidnapings will continue, just as the piracy along the northern coast of Africa continued until America issued the famous ultimatum to the pirates—"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Human lives are precious, but there are other things more precious, among which are to be included liberty and freedom from a threat of kidnaping. When payment ceases whether apprehension, conviction, and punishment follow or not, kidnaping will cease.

Some states are already considering laws preventing relatives and friends, or any other agency from offering or paying ransom. Americans, with the brave history of this country behind them, should need no such law; they should, from the bottom of their souls, so resent kidnaping practices that they would offer no compromise of any nature.—H. R. M.

"We Seek After These Things"

ANOTHER year is about to begin for M. I. A. with the guiding thought of a slogan to be kept in mind and put into uplifting application. The slogan for the season 1933-34 is worded thus: "Inspired by the refining influences of Mormonism, we will develop the gifts within us."

It opens up a wide field for discussion, along both lines of refining influences of Mormonism, and gifts within us. What are the refining influences of Mormonism? What are inner gifts which might be developed? To attempt to answer the first query is to undertake a formidable task, so numerous are the refining influences; to attempt to answer the second is to look searchingly into our own minds and hearts and determine what are our individual gifts—we alone can know that about ourselves.

In thinking of the far-reaching significance of the term "refining influences of Mormonism" one is almost inescapably led to the statement in the 13th article of our faith that "if there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things." And in seeking after them, as a people, we make them integral parts of our religion—refining influences of Mormonism. Beauty of nature, of mind, of spirit, of form and substance, of sight and sound, might be classed as the loveliness after which we seek. Trees in leaf or bud or flower; sunlight on the waters of a lake or gleaming from behind banked clouds; mountains capped with a crown of snow, or dressed in the green of pine and fir; gardens in which the glory of color is hardly second to the delicacy of perfume; music which enters into consciousness to lift, to restore and to inspire; reading, the magic art of drawing us into close companionship with the greater ones of earth, today and yesterday; writing, which in itself is a miracle and a mystery of expression; honor, fairness, love for one another, these are but a few of the very many things which are included in those things which are virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy; and all of them are the refining influences to which the slogan refers. To seek after them is a responsibility which rests with the individual; the gift of appreciation is one which must be developed before such seeking can be availing, and is one of the gifts which each holds within himself, ready for development.

What a glorious statement that is—that whatever is virtuous or lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, is a part of the answer as to what

Editorial

religion really is! Anyone who has found ecstatic uplift in the morning wind, who has known the solace of flowers, who has felt the magic of music, and the thrill of patriotism has known something of the religious aspect of things beautiful and praiseworthy; anyone who has experienced the triumph of overcoming temptation, of rising above evil, of crushing unworthy thoughts and ambitions, has known the power of that which is virtuous; one who has patterned a life after a great example, who has sought truth and truths, present and eternal, has glimpsed the spiritual value of seeking things of good report. Perhaps in all doctrinal theological literature there is no more comprehensive, enlightening definition of the uplift of religion and faith than the 13th article in the statement of Latter-day Saint belief, having nothing to do with dogma or creed; nothing to do with ritual or ceremony; having only to do with spiritual values which, when acquired by an individual, would make of him a better person.

If one is desirous of knowing what phases of his faith and religious belief are concerned with the routine of every-day living, an analysis of the meaning which the 13th article of faith has for him would be highly illuminating. To tie the results of the analysis up with the new slogan of the M. I. A. would be to realize quite clearly what the refining influences of Mormonism are, and to have a fairly definite idea as to how to go about developing inner gifts through the inspiration of these influences. "If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things." And life abundant will open for us!—*E. T. B.*

Outstanding Thinkers on Prohibition

To The Editor:

THIS symposium of statements by outstanding American thinkers should help to nullify the false propaganda of the liquor interests.

Sincerely yours,
O. J. McClure

Professor Irving Fisher
Head of Political Economy, Yale University

REPEAL of the Eighteenth Amendment, if it is accomplished, will have been due to two principal causes:

(1) The wet propaganda which has greatly exaggerated the failures of Prohibition and minimized its successes.
(2) The Depression.

During a depression "whatever is is *wrong*." That is, the public is ready to change anything on the chance that it may help us out of the depression. Countries having free trade have introduced tariffs; countries having tariffs are talking about putting them down. Countries having Prohibition have been giving it up; countries where liquor flows freely are talking of halting the traffic.

It is a time not to be swept off one's feet by these unreasoning spasms of public opinion, based on discontent and a frantic, desperate desire to "do something."

The idea of letting people drink in order to tax them is more fallacious than lifting oneself by one's bootstraps. Every nickel spent for beer is a nickel taken from milk or other legitimate business, and reduces the productivity of the drinker by more than five cents worth. There must be a net reduction in the net income, the source of all taxation, directly or indirectly. From the economic point of view, repeal will not help but retard recovery from the depression.

Dr. Joy Elmer Morgan
Editor, The Journal of The National Education Association

THE repeal of the 18th Amendment would prolong the economic and financial collapse of America. It would divert into channels of dissipation and frivolity the money which should be spent to maintain homes, schools, parks, churches, and legitimate industries. More money would be spent for liquor than for schools. Great sums would be spent through advertising to promote the use of whiskey, champagne, wines, and gin. This huge advertising budget would serve as a corrupting influence in every phase of American life. The work of the honest parent, the sincere teacher, and the devoted preacher would be harder.

Jane Addams
Founder and Director of Hull-House

IN spite of the activities of the bootleggers, the Hull-House neighborhood, which I imagine is typical of many others, has been enormously improved since the period of prohibition. It would be nothing short of a calamity if the amendment is repealed and we are thrown back into the wretched conditions which formerly prevailed.

Louis J. Taber
Master, National Grange

THE Eighteenth Amendment has been invaluable to agriculture because of the increased consumption of farm products. We have time for but a single example: In 1917 our average consumption of milk was 754.8 pounds. Ten years later the per capita consumption was 967.3 pounds, indicating that milk was taking the place of beer throughout the land and that children were enjoying the health and life-giving materials with which the dairy cow—the foster mother of mankind—blesses society. To produce the increased milk consumed would require more grain than was used by all the brewers and all the distillers before prohibition. *(Used by special permission)*

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

Continued from page 646

and Sister Clark have been blessed with four brilliant children; Louise (Mrs. Mervyn S. Bennion), Marianne (Mrs. Ivor Sharp), J. Reuben and Luacine Savage.

For the past thirty years Elder Clark's time has been devoted largely to public service, and no other son of this commonwealth has won greater renown in the broad field of statesmanship and diplomacy. He was born and reared under modest circumstances; he has educated himself—and by sheer force of hard work, rugged honesty, straight thinking, the capacity to make and retain friends—without family prestige or political preferment, unaided and single handed, he has won his way to lofty levels.

He has occupied a place in the highest councils of the nation in times of peace and of war and has had a part in decisions affecting the destiny of the world. He enjoyed the intimate friendship of Calvin Coolidge, Philander C. Knox, Dwight W. Morrow and others and has been the friend and confidential advisor of these eminent statesmen.

He is a trained diplomat and diplomacy is the fine art of making human temperaments agree. There is nothing subtle, cunning or mysterious in this art as practiced by President Clark. He faces the facts, gets the other man's point of view, and stands tolerantly and courageously for the right. His diplomacy is simple, straight-forward, and just. There is no alchemy in it. He has no fondness for the pronoun "I." He is honest to his finger tips. Few men surpass him in mental brawn. He holds in happy combination the virtues symbolized by the head, the heart, and the conscience. President Clark is an able and effective advocate. He has a good speaking voice, a ready command of pure English, with an orderly and logical way of thinking. He speaks with a discretion and a sincerity that carries conviction. His discourses are distinguished for their originality, compactness, breadth of view, soundness of doctrine, grace of diction, and spiritual inspiration. In speaking before the last general conference he said in part:

"The world is moaning in tribulation. I do not know the cure. The questions involved are so nearly infinite in their vision that I question whether any human mind can answer them. But it is my faith that if the people shall shun idleness, if they shall cast out from their hearts those twin usurpers, ambition and greed, and then shall re-enthrone brotherly love and return to the old virtues—industry, thrift, honesty, self-reliance, independence of spirit, self-discipline, and mutual goodness—we shall be far on our way to a returned prosperity and worldly happiness. We must again yield fealty to the law that wealth, however great, is a mere shadow compared with the living, enduring riches of mind and heart. * * * The world problem is not primarily one of finance but of unselfishness, industry, courage, confidence, character, heart, temperance, integrity and righteousness. The world has been on a wild debauch materially and spiritually; it must recover the same way the drunkard reprobate recovers—by repentance and right living." (Page 103, Conference Pamphlet, April, 1933.)

A. E. Bowen, an intimate friend and business associate, when asked to give an estimate of President Clark's character said:

"The personal endowments and qualities which have made possible his varied and distinguished achievements are perhaps three, with their corollaries:

"First: A vigorous and discriminating intellect. His is the rare power of penetrating through all confusing, superficial envelopments to the root and marrow of a confronting problem.

"Second: A prodigious power of work—a constitution which seems able to respond to any draft that may be made upon it. Work is his vocation and his avocation, his pursuit and his pastime.

"Third: An uncompromising, undeviating honesty—intellectual and moral honesty. 'Face the facts' is a characteristic expression of his. He spends no time in working upon schemes of evasion. Having been surrounded with abundant opportunity for graft and acquisition he has come through without the smell of fire upon his garments. No opprobrium has ever attached to his name. To him sham and pretense are an abomination."

WHEN one studies him at close range he is impressed with a sense of ruggedness and culture. His features indicate caution and determination; this impression is mellowed by the friendliness of his mild blue eyes which reveal a warm and sympathetic soul.

He is sixty-two years of age, sound in health, matured in judgment, affable in manner, genial, scholarly, sagacious, benevolent, honest beyond cavil, and absolutely uncompromising so far as truth or principle is concerned.

Ambassador Morrow once said to J. Reuben Clark: "You stand in the least awe of wealth of any man I have known."

No man can intimidate him; he cannot be bought, cajoled, intrigued or persuaded to do anything that is not in the interest of right and justice. There is a moral grandeur about this attitude which challenges admiration. No client ever did or ever could secure his services who sought to evade or subvert the law. Neither friend nor foe ever questioned the rectitude of his intentions. "He is hewn of stern, heroic stuff."

J. Reuben Clark's name will go down in history as a statesman and a religious leader. From his boyhood he has been active in Church service and always a careful student of both its history and its doctrine. He is not only an able theologian but an eloquent preacher.

Today he belongs to a small and select company of men who stand high in the confidence of the people and in the favor of the Almighty. In all the history of the Church few men have been honored with a place in the First Presidency.

He is still in the prime of life. He has a clear understanding of the fundamentals of government and of the great underlying principles upon which society rests. His training has made him world minded. He thinks in large terms. He will enjoy the love and the sustaining faith of the membership of the Church and will receive light and inspiration from on high—all of which will qualify him to render to the Church and its people a long and brilliant service.

This exalted calling is a climax to a career not distinguished for anything miraculous or meteoric but one built upon the sound foundation of faith in God, hard work, correct living, common sense, tolerance and sympathy—backed with a supreme love of justice and right.

Spared

By Alberta Huish Christensen

Perhaps the philosophy of this is a little Pagan, but it is the only virtue I could ever see in young death.

YES, I remember—she was that kind,—
A sort of blossom shimmering in the wind.
A bud of promise on a flowering bough
Is what I see as I recall her now.

So will she always be,—a blossom shimmering in the wind.
There were no shadows, no pale lean cheek.
Death claimed, it seems for memory's sake,
Ere monster Age had plundered all the gold
From her rich eyes.—How kind!
Now will she live in youth forever more.
Never to go slow-stepped and limping to the door!

Relationship Between Shinto and Mormonism

Continued from page 655

tian God is, who is the Living Personal God, the Father in the heaven, as we Latter-day Saints believe. Shinto is the original, primitive faith of the Japanese people, before Buddhism came to the country in 552 A. D. (the Japanese time in 1212 from the beginning of the Empire). Shinto, to American people, seems strangely simple, and yet, at the same time, strangely difficult to understand, not only for what it says, but also for what it does not say, as it is very hard to understand the Japanese situation in Manchuria.

SHINTO does not teach; it has no heaven; beyond teaching that the soul lives after death, and it does not say what becomes of the soul. It is simply a religion of the heart. Shinto believes that no moral teacher is as infallible as one's own heart. Therefore, its one moral commandment is "Follow the impulses of your own heart," which seems to some no commandment at all. But I think there is the spirit of Liberty and Freedom behind that meaning. There is no special scheme to learn or practice, no such meeting on Sunday, as the Sunday schools which Christians have. The gods whom it worships are eight million in number. Just as you will see in Greek mythology, these gods are mostly nature gods or goddesses, such as gods or goddesses of winds, of the storm, of rain, of fire, of fountain, of water, of mountain, etc. But there are also other gods. These are the souls of departed great persons, who return to help or hurt their descendants. It is a religion of the dead to whose spirits offerings are made, offerings of food and drink, not because they need them, but to prove that they are not forgotten, just as you put flowers on a grave; so Shinto is commonly called "Ancestor Worship."

But it is not quite fair to give it this name. The people of any nation in the world would worship, respect, or praise the great ancestors of their country. Why do the American people celebrate the birthdays of Washington and of Lincoln? Why do Christians worship Christ and honor the prophets? Why do Mormons study genealogies and work for the dead?

The Shinto shrines are very simple and beautiful and usually consist of two small houses. One, standing in front, is the prayer hall; the other is the Sanctuary. The inside of these shrines is also perfectly simple and very clean; for simplicity and purity are at the very center of the faith. The structure of the shrine is very similar to the structure of the temples in Persia. We understand that the tabernacle of the ancient time had two parts, one for the sanctuary; another for the worship place.

In the shrines there are no graven images, and no statue of gods or men in the innermost sanctum, but there is a box which holds some souvenir, or a symbol, such as a sword, a mirror, or a jewel. Some of those things, I understand from the Book of Mormon, were brought by Lehi and his people from Jerusalem to America. These three things were especially given, so tradition tells us, by Amaterasu Omi Kami, "the Heaven-Shining One," the fair, mild, bright, victorious Sun Goddess, who sent her offspring from celestial realms to the land of Japan, there to establish order and dominion: "The land of sun-rising, the Middle Kingdom, the rich rice field is the land where my offspring shall rule. * * The kingdom shall prosper forever; and there shall be no end as far as heaven and earth exist," was her word and command; which, it seems to me, expresses the idea of St. Luke, found in his first chapter, thirty-third verse. It reads: "And he (Jesus from the house of the throne of David) shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end."

JIMMU TENNO, her great grandson, received these three things, when he became the first Emperor of Japan in 660 B. C.—this time, seems to me, has relationship with the time (600 B. C.) that Lehi left Jerusalem with his people, as we read in the Book of Mormon. Now these three things have been handed down from Emperor to Emperor. So Shinto reverences the Emperor as a human descendant of the sun, the great life-giving force of nature. You see, in the Japanese national flag there is a red circle in the white, which represents the sun, which seems to be the first creation of God, as we read in the first chapter of Genesis. Therefore, Japan would not be Japan without this curious religion of Shinto. The Emperor, Shinto, and Japan, will be one unity that shall never be separated, as if Latter-day Saints believe the Trinity; that is, God the Father, Jesus Christ the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Shintoism is patriotism, and it is faith in the past, the present, and the future of Japan.

The Japanese people believe and insist that Japan is the Kingdom of God. Christianity teaches the Kingdom of God, of which we read many times in the Bible. The Japanese Imperial Crest of the Chrysanthemum, the Persian King's crest of the chrysanthemum, and the Cross and the Crest of the Chrysanthemum on the statue (probably image or portrait) of Christ-Child in some temple in Rome, Italy, show the symbols of the same idea. There is an old map of "Naniwa Jo-kozu" in the Japanese Imperial Library, which I have heard, is not the Japanese map, but perhaps the old map of the Tigris and Euphrates River in Persia, and this map will explain some difficult passages in the Bible. It is interesting to know that the Persian costumes of old and present time are similar to those of the Japanese ancient people. An old "No"-song, "Kekari" expresses the same idea that tells in the verses from nineteen to twenty-eight in the fourteenth chapter in the book of Exodus. This "No"-song tells that a priest of Shinto went into the sea; the sea water separated and there made a road so that he could pass without getting wet; after he passed, the waves came together again and became the sea as before. It is just as Moses passed the Red Sea.

There are in Japan *"Shinto Gobusho,"* or the five books of Shinto; (1) *"Amaterasu Ise Ninsho Kotai Jingu Chinza Shindai-Ki,"* (2) *"Go-Chinza Den-Ki,"* (3) *"Go Chinza Hon-ki,"* (4) *"Hooki Hon-ki,"* and (5) *"Yamato Hime-Ki,"* which are similar to the five books of Moses, Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. In the Japanese books there are not written the same things as those in the books of Moses, but there is the story of the creation of the world. The mean-

ing of the Japanese author's name is similar to the meaning of Moses. It shall be proved by studying Greek. The author's name is "Aharaka-no-Mikoto" in the old Japanese language, which is even strange to the Japanese. I found some similarity between Greek and Old Japanese language. In Greek, as in Latin, the subject of a sentence is often omitted. This is so in the Japanese language. Isn't Japanese *Ise* similar to *Isaiah?*

The *Toshitoi-no-Matsuri"* from *"Norito* (meaning prayer)" of Shinto is similar to the passage of the Scripture in the verses 3-5, Chapter fortieth in the book of Isaiah. The last volume of the twelfth book of the *"Manyo-Shu* (the collection of old poems)" contains some idea of the verses 10-19, twenty-eighth chapter in book of Genesis. We shall find that the story of "Omono-Nushi-no-Mikoto" or simply "O-Kuni-Nushi-no-Mikoto," one of the gods in the Japanese mythology, is very similar to that of Joseph in Egypt.

IN the Bible many descriptions show that the younger brothers were superior to the elder brothers and succeeded their fathers instead of the elder brothers. For example, Abraham had two sons, Ishmael and Isaac, and Isaac succeeded Abraham. Isaac had two sons, Esau and Jacob, and Jacob succeeded. And we read in the Book of Mormon that Nephi succeeded instead of Laman and of other elder brothers. And the youngest one was always superior and better than the elder brothers, as in the story of Joseph in Egypt and other descriptions. In the Japanese mythology and the history of olden time, there are many examples of that kind. For example, "O-Kuni-Nushi-no-Mikoto" whom I have just mentioned above, was the youngest brother, but he was the finest one among the brothers and at last he ruled over the elder brothers, as in the story of Joseph in Egypt. The first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, was also the youngest brother.

The seven gods in the story of the creation in the Japanese book, it seems to me, represent seven days of God's creation of the world in the Bible. The way of the creation in the Japanese book is more reasonable than the seven days' order of the creation in the Bible, and of course, the ways of both creations are not exactly the same. The Japanese Twelve Zodiacal (horory) signs point out twelve months and the Twelve Apostles.

A Shinto priest's secret prayer is similar to that of Moses alone in the holy place and to that of Jesus alone in the mountain before he was crucified and also to that of Joseph Smith. By secret prayer the Shinto priests receive some message from God, as Moses, Christ and Joseph Smith have done. In Shinto women and girls can have no authority or priesthood, but can assist men who have proper authority, as the Latter-day Saints believe in the Priesthood in which the women have no authority but they can assist. In the order of the Priesthood in Shinto there is similar order to that which we have in the Priesthood of our Church.

In Japan the people believe that spirits of the dead people come back once a year to this world from the other world, and it shows just as we believe our souls live after death. The Japanese people believe that the great ancestors become gods, as the Latter-day Saints believe we shall progress until we become gods, which we will read in the Doctrine and Covenants. Before a Shinto priest goes to prayer at a shrine, he must clean his body. He may take a shower from head to foot, or take a bath, but he must clean himself from head to foot with clean water or hot water. He does this for the reason that if he goes without cleaning his body, God will not answer his prayer. Therefore, he must clean his body. This is just what we do in our Church. We cannot enter the Kingdom of God without baptism.

I HOPE, therefore, that the Japanese mission will be reopened at some day in the near future, and when it is, I hope to be able to better explain the Gospel of Christ among my people. This is better than you American people do in the unskillful Japanese language. The Japanese people are very reasonable and quick to learn if the Gospel can be explained to them, because it is so similar to the Japanese religions. So I hope also to establish or to be instrumental in having a church school in Japan, like the Brigham Young University at Provo, where it is possible for my people to attend. This, I am sure, would help very much in spreading the knowledge of the true religion.

I know now that our Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was given in these latter days to Prophet Joseph Smith by the hand of God, Himself, and His Son Jesus Christ. I know the Book of Mormon is true and the Pearl of Great Price and the Doctrine and Covenants are also the words of God.

The reason I came here is that I might learn the Gospel, and after I finish school at the Brigham Young University, I shall go back to Japan and explain that Gospel to my people. I remember and you will also remember that Jesus taught us to preach the Gospel to all the people of the world.

Service

By F. M. SHAFER

THE meaning of the word "Service," as given by Webster, is "The condition or occupation of one who works for another in a menial way,"—menial means a slave, or inferior person. I am very sure that the word has a much broader definition. The word *Service,* in its true sense, stands for accomplishment and development, physically, mentally, and spiritually. There is no greater word in our English language than the word *Service,* for it signifies the true definition of life, without which there could be no development, or accomplishment; and I will add,—real purpose in life. Our great men of today have reached the prominent positions which they occupy in the affairs of men, through, and by their service. The scriptural saying, "That it is better to give than to receive," is indeed true. That which we give, makes for growth and development. Our physical, mental, and spiritual natures, are strengthened and developed, by and through the very act of rendering service to our fellow man. Aside from the fact that we are performing our duty as a public servant, or as a private citizen; extending to those who are dependent on us, help and assistance;—the greatest benefit is to ourselves, adding to our natures those traits of character that makes for good citizenship. Happy is the man who has performed his duty well—and again, happy is he that has rendered a service to a friend, or neighbor. There is a personal satisfaction in helping others.

An Experience of My Father's

By LeROI C. SNOW

FOR some time President Woodruff's health had been failing. Nearly every evening President Lorenzo Snow visited him at his home. This particular evening the doctors said that President Woodruff could not live much longer, that he was becoming weaker every day. President Snow was greatly worried. We cannot realize today what a terrible financial condition the Church was in at that time—owing millions of dollars and not being able to pay even the interest on its indebtedness.

My father went to his room in the Salt Lake Temple, dressed in his robes of the Priesthood, knelt at the sacred altar in the Holy of Holies in the House of the Lord and there plead to the Lord to spare President Woodruff's life, that President Woodruff might outlive him and that the great responsibility of Church leadership would not fall upon his shoulders. Yet he promised the Lord that he would devotedly perform any duty required at his hands. At this time he was in his eighty-sixth year.

Soon after this President Woodruff was taken to California where he died Friday morning at 6:40 o'clock September 2nd, 1898. President George Q. Cannon at once wired the information to the President's office in Salt Lake City. Word was forwarded to President Snow who was in Brigham City. The telegram was delivered to him on the street in Brigham. He read it to President Rudger Clawson, then President of Boxelder Stake, who was with him, went to the telegraph office and replied that he would leave on the train about 5:30 that evening. He reached Salt Lake City about 7:15, proceeded to the President's office, gave some instructions and then went to his private room in the Salt Lake Temple.

President Snow put on his holy temple robes, repaired again to the same sacred altar, offered up the signs of the Priesthood and poured out his heart to the Lord. He reminded the Lord how he plead for President Woodruff's life to be spared, that President Woodruff's days would be lengthened beyond his own; that he might never be called upon to bear the heavy burdens and responsibilities of the Church. "Nevertheless," he said, "Thy will be done. I have not sought this responsibility but if it be Thy will, I now present myself before Thee for Thy guidance and instruction. I ask that Thou show me what Thou wouldst have me do."

After finishing his prayer he expected a reply, some special manifestation from the Lord. So he waited,—and waited —and waited. There was no reply, no voice, no visitation, no manifestation. He left the altar and the room in great disappointment. Passing through the Celestial room and out into the large corridor a glorious manifestation was given President Snow which I relate in the words of his grand-daughter, Allie Young Pond, now the wife of Elder Noah S. Pond, recently president of the Northern States Mission:

"One evening while I was visiting grandpa Snow in his room in the Salt Lake Temple, I remained until the door keepers had gone and the night-watchmen had not yet come in, so grand-pa said he would take me to the main front entrance and let me out that way. He got his bunch of keys from his dresser. After we left his room and while we were still in the large corridor leading into the celestial room, I was walking several steps ahead of grand-pa when he stopped me and said: 'Wait a moment, Allie, I want to tell you something. It was right here that the Lord Jesus Christ appeared to me at the time of the death of President Woodruff. He instructed me to go right ahead and reorganize the First Presidency of the Church at once and not wait as had been done after the death of the previous presidents, and that I was to succeed President Woodruff.'

"Then grand-pa came a step nearer and held out his left hand and said: 'He stood right here, about three feet above the floor. It looked as though He stood on a plate of solid gold.'

"Grand-pa told me what a glorious personage the Savior is and described His hands, feet, countenance and beautiful white robes, all of which were of such a glory of whiteness and brightness that he could hardly gaze upon Him.

Pony Express Marker, Fort Bridger

"Then he came another step nearer and put his right hand on my head and said: 'Now, grand-daughter, I want you to remember that this is the testimony of your grand-father, that he told you with his own lips that he actually saw the Savior, here in the Temple, and talked with Him face to face.'"

During the June conference in 1919 at an M. I. A. officers' meeting in the Assembly Hall I related the above testimony. President Heber J. Grant immediately arose and said:

In confirmation of the testimony given by Brother LeRoi C. Snow quoting the grand-daughter of Lorenzo Snow, I want to call attention to the fact that several years elapsed after the death of the Prophet Joseph before President Young was sustained as the president of the Church; after the death of President Young, several years elapsed again before President Taylor was sustained, and again when he died several years elapsed before President Woodruff was sustained.

After the funeral of President Wilford Woodruff, the apostles met in the office of the First Presidency and brother Francis M. Lyman said: "I feel impressed, although one of the younger members of the quorum, to say that I believe it would be pleasing in the sight of the Lord if the First Presidency of the Church was reorganized right here and right now. If I am in error regarding this impression, President Snow and the senior members of the council can correct me."

President Snow said that he would be pleased to hear from all the brethren upon this question, and each and all of us expressed ourselves as believing it would be pleasing to the Lord and that it would be the proper thing to have the Presidency organized at once.

When we had finished, then and not till then, did Brother Snow tell us that he was instructed of the Lord in the temple the night after President Woodruff died, to organize the Presidency of the Church at once. President Anthon H. Lund and myself are the only men now living who were present at that meeting.

May the Lord bless and guide us by his spirit continually and may the testimony that we possess of the divinity of the work ever abide with us and our faithfulness be an inspiration to lead others to a knowledge of the gospel,

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Money of the Valley

Continued from page 657

two and one-half, five, ten and twenty dollar denominations, were alloyed with only a little silver. On the "heads" of the twenty-dollar coin, the first of that denomination to be issued in the United States, is the inscription, around the margin, *Holiness to the Lord.* In the field is an eye, beneath a miter, or bishop's cap. On the "tails" side are the abbreviations, G. S. L. C. P. G., around. In the field are two clasped hands, with the date beneath them. Below is the legend, *Twenty Dollars.* The diameter of the coin is 19-16 inches, the weight 444.5 grains.

The ten, five, and two and one-half dollar coins very closely resemble the twenty. The weight of the ten is 221.5 grains, the diameter 17-16 inches; the five, 113.5 and 14-16; and the "two-fifty," 56.5 and 12-16. All the coins have smooth edges.

Kay coined most of the gold coins in 1849 and 1850. During the time he labored as coiner, he often carried the gold bars home at night for safe-keeping; his older girls used them for building log cabin playhouses on the hearth.

A circle of nine stars was added to the "heads" of the five dollar coin in 1850, and the weight was reduced slightly. Still later, at the request of Brigham Young, J. M. Barlow, pioneer jeweler, coined five dollar coins of a different type. The dies for these fine appearing pieces were made in Barlow's shop by Douglas Brown, an employee.

"Holiness to the Lord" is stamped in characters of the curious Deseret Alphabet on the "heads" of the jeweler shop fives. In the field is a lion, reclining and facing left, and below him is the date. On the reverse is the inscription, *Deseret Assay Office Pure Gold,* around the margin. In the field is an eagle, wings outspread, with a beehive on its breast. Below the eagle is the legend S.D.

THE Mormon gold money was issued intermittently until 1860. When Alfred Cummings became the second governor of Utah Territory, the coinage was discontinued, and as fast as the coins were superseded by United States money, they were sold as bullion. So today all the coins are rare, the ten and twenty dollar pieces being the rarest of all, except for pattern pieces struck on one side.

How true has proved the prophetic statement embodied in an article which appeared in the columns of the New Orleans "Daily Picayune" in 1850:

"We are indebted to the mercantile house of James Conolly and Co. of this city, for the pleasure of examining a sample of a consignment sent to them of California gold, in the shape of coin, stamped with Mormon symbols. * * * They present much the same appearance as the United States gold coin, though not so neatly cut or beautifully designed. The gold is of a dull yellow color. One is naturally led, on examining these hieroglyphic looking pieces of treasure, to thoughts of the distant land they come from and the strange people who have left the impress of their religious faith on both surfaces. * * * The Mormons appear, indeed, to have separated themselves entirely from all ties of home and country. * * * *They are evidently destined to become a great and powerful community.* There is something of the preserving, unsubdued, Anglo-Saxon spirit in them that claims at least our admiration of their courage."

"Be Ye Therefore Perfect"

Continued from page 664

those who have natural ability as public speakers to develop their public speaking gifts. Our young men and young women generally wherever they go are outstanding as debaters and as public speakers. Many have been elected class presidents in eastern colleges because of the ease and eloquence with which they could stand upon their feet and speak to their fellow classmates.

The Gospel spirit, the M. I. A. spirit, awakens and develops the gifts of writing, speaking, acting, dancing; it encourages and utilizes talents in music, art, literature, etc. The record the Tabernacle Choir has made with its national broadcasts is one example of our development. People throughout the country listen to this music and are thrilled by it. Our music festivals demonstrate how effectively the M. I. A. is developing the art of singing.

An outstanding example of what our Church people can do in the way of developing these unusual gifts is the work of Dr. Karl G. Maeser. He took the boys and girls from the farm and from the country and so awakened within them ambition and so stirred the gifts that God had given them that today outstanding even in the nation are many leading characters who from this inspired teacher received their first ambition to make of their lives something really beyond the ordinary.

The burdens, the labors, the trials of the Pioneers were hard; they were heavy, but all of these were borne with joy. Let us pray not for labors and duties in proportion for our strength, but for strength to discharge and to discharge well all and every duty however heavy, however unpleasant that may come to us. And let us pray for ability to do all these things with joy.

Our Pioneer ancestors had the daring and courage to leave the places of their birth, and in many cases traveled half around the world, to come here where "the mountain of the Lord's house" is established. We have an opportunity to reap the rich harvest which their lives of righteous living deserved. They have sown well. We are here to reap the harvest rich and rare, to develop the gifts within us which are ours because of their prayerful, upright lives. If we are worthy of our parentage we will be filled with that faith which makes nothing impossible. We will have an ambition to develop to the highest degree the gifts within us.

Inspired, therefore, by the teachings of the Church and by the innumerable other refining influences of Mormonism, let us each to himself make this solemn pledge: "God helping me, I will do my best to develop the gifts within me. If I have been blessed with two tal-

ents, I will do my best with these two talents to make two talents more." If perchance some have been blessed with three and some perhaps have been richly endowed with five talents, let these then say: "Inspired by the refining influences of Mormonism, I will do my best to develop the gifts within me and with these five talents make five talents more, that when my work is finished, I may hear those glorious words, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant'."

These are some of the aims, some of the ideals of the workers of the Church. We are struggling to be perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect. "Thus on to eternal perfection the honest and faithful will go."

An Experience of My Father's

Continued from page 677

is my prayer and I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

A few days after the M. I. A. conference, in an interview with President Lund in his office, he retold the incident to me as given by President Grant regarding the meeting in the office of the First Presidency on Tuesday morning, September 13th, 1898, at which Lorenzo Snow was chosen President of the Church. He also said that he heard father tell a number of times of the Savior's appearance to him after he had dressed in his temple robes, presented himself before the Lord and offered up the signs of the Priesthood.

I related this experience in the Eighteenth ward sacramental service. After the meeting Elder Arthur Winter told me he also had heard my father tell of the Savior's appearance to him in the Temple instructing him not only to reorganize the First Presidency at once but also to select the same counselors that President Woodruff had, Presidents George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith.

Foolish Ambitions

Continued from page 668

with a big show. Just as the band formed an imposing circle on Main Street and started the first lively tune, every normal ten year old boy present would be instantly filled with a sudden and wonderful ambition. He wanted to sprout up into the air, instantly, on legs as high as the meetinghouse, and in the same breath, acquire the art of fancy long-legged jig dancing. Then, before the band had finished the first tune, he could step right into the center of the enchanted circle and dance a jig where the whole town could see him!

What calamities might have befallen a boy had we ever acquired such legs! More than likely he would have become so conceited he wouldn't have noticed where he was going. Very probably he would have bumped his shins on the meetinghouse roof, and broken both legs. Down out of the sky he would have tumbled headlong! And there, right below him, and waiting to receive him on her horns, would have been that same obnoxious cow that spoiled the game of the Mountain and Valley. Thus a bright and promising day would have ended disastrously, on top of a fool cow.

But the one supreme ambition of my childhood days was a constant desire to count the cars on every freight train that passed through my native village, and commit the number to memory. How proud I used to be among my playmates when I could say to them, "I know how many cars the old freight had on every day this week. Monday it had six, Tuesday three. Wednesday thirteen, with four coal cars, and so on.

THIS strange desire did not leave me when I became a youth, as it should have done. Every time a freight train passed through the fields where I was working as a farmer's hired boy, I used to stop, wipe the hot perspiration from my face, and deliberately count the cars on the train twice, to make sure I was right the first time. Of course this unusual halt in a hot day's work did not always please my employer. I can still hear a rather grumpy old farmer saying to me, "Never mind the train, boy, it will come by itself; the hay won't come only when you make it come."

The climax came when I was a young man almost full grown. I was employed with a gang of men digging a trench for a pipe line parallel to the railroad tracks. The first day we were there, three freight trains passed us within two hours. Unaware how much attention I was attracting to myself, I stopped each time, "leaned on my tools" and deliberately counted the cars on the train. I was leaning idly on my shovel and had just begun counting the cars on the third train when the foreman came up behind me and stood counting time on me while I was counting the freight cars.

"How many trains have passed here today?" he demanded gruffly, after the train had passed.

"Three," I answered brightly. I was about to tell him how many cars there were on each train, but he didn't act as if he wished to know that. That night he "fired" me. I don't count freight cars when I am working for the other fellow any more. That one experience cured me of my most fascinating childhood ambition.

Friend, what was your most foolish ambition?

Roads

By Cristel Hastings

I KNOW a street that leads into a city
Also a lane that finds a cooling stream
Where ferns may look down at their green reflection
And sway to idle winds, and dream—and dream.

I know a path that leads into a forest
Lined with purple shadows of the night,
While poplars bend somewhere upon a hill-top,
Ringing their silver bells in quick delight!

I know a trail that dances over hill-tops
Reaching high for clouds that sail the blue,
But I want just a path that leads me homeward—
A path that takes me home at dusk to you!

Book Reviews

"Round-Up"

C. FRANK STEELE, editor of the Lethbridge Herald, has rounded up some of his verses which have appeared in his column, "Lights and Shadows," and has issued them in the form of a small, paper bound brochure, a copy of which he has sent in to the office of *The Improvement Era*.

His title poem reads as follows:

ROUND-UP

They gather their cattle,
These bronzed, silent riders,
From gully to butte
Herds darken the plain;
They come from the bad-lands,
They come from green valleys,
And some from the hills
Where the White Faces reign.

My Muse is a rider
And from hither and yon
Are gathered winged dreams
And fugitive lays;
In the Round-up of life
Many trails lure my fancy,
And recompense comes
With the flight of the days.

We commend Mr. Steele's activity in the field of verse. Many people might well follow his example. It costs little to print in this informal manner the thoughts one has. In that way they are kept together and are available for one's friends.

"Hailstones"

THE hailstones mentioned in the title of a booklet sent to the editors of *The Improvement Era* are not the tiny balls of ice which are to be expected soon as winter retreats, but are tiny pellets of verse, most of them of the four line variety. The booklet was issued by Vinnie Hale Cannon.

In a foreword she says this: "I humbly inscribe the thoughts that make up this small book to my daughter and my son, and to other girls and boys to whom I have given a helping hand over some of the rougher spots of life."

Here are the first and the last "Hailstones:"

"When your durned old heart's a bustin'
An' you feel each heart-string torn,
Look around an' find some feller
Whose heart's achin' worse than yourn;
Throw your two arms right around him,
Whisper somethin' in his ear;
When you cheer the other feller
You forget your aches, old dear."

* * *

"Dull folks know lots more than you think,
An' great folks are frequently small.
Try likin' each kind
Fer the good you can find,
Fer, bless your soul, God made them all."

"Red Mother"

By FRANK B. LINDERMAN

Illustrated by H. M. Stoops

The John Day Company, New York

SOME time ago I had the pleasure of reading "American," the life history of a great Crow Indian, by Frank B. Linderman. When I had finished the book I pronounced it a most excellent biography for the reason that it gave the reader a wonderful view of the inside story of an Indian—a glimpse of his youth, his training, his work and his play, his marriage and his wars. In "Red Mother" Mr. Linderman has done for the Indian woman what in "American" he did for the Indian man.

Those two books are twins and should be in the library of him who would really come at the heart of his Red brother and sister.

As Plenty Coups, chief of the Crow Indians, told his story to Mr. Linderman through interpreters, Pretty Shield, one of the "Wise Ones," a medicine woman, told her own life story. Mr. Linderman pays tribute to this great and good old woman and anyone who will read the story sympathetically will come to see a lovable side of the Indian. He will find himself placing this old lady along side of the best women of any race whom he may happen to know. Since the story teller insists on telling chiefly the stories connected with her early life "before the buffalo went away," one cannot think that she is old until he is reminded by Mr. Linderman that she was nearly seventy when the story was taken.

Pretty Shield, daughter of a chief and a member of the powerful clan called the Sore Lips, goes back to her youth when she was a little girl playing with her Indian doll and ball made out of the pericardium of a buffalo. She tells how little Indian boys and girls play; how they are taken care of when dangers from enemy Indians or "white bears" (the grizzlies) threaten; how they travel from place to place and what thrilling adventures they sometimes have when, as with her on one occasion, they get into a buffalo stampede.

Pretty Shield also tells of the betrothal practices, the marriage, and the child-bearing of Indian women, in this case, herself. She pictures the manner in which the women work, and also some of the joys they used to have when the buffalo were plentiful and there was always "fat meat."

In one chapter the "Wise One" tells of the Custer battle which was described to her by her young husband and her father who joined the expedition as scouts for Custer. She declares that the stories of Custer's last fight have been garbled and that like many another pretty American tradition, Custer, Son of the Morning Star, did not die surrounded by Indians he had killed.

Mr. Linderman, through infinite patience, has gathered this remarkable story through the help of Goes Together, an Indian woman who acted as interpreter.

Those who are eager to know the Indian as he is, or I should say as he was before the white man influenced his behavior, are likely not to find any better source of information than is to be found in "Red Mother" and its companion book, "American," which was reviewed in these pages some time ago and which has been placed on the reading course especially for the Vanguards.

Mother of Gold

By THEODORE CURTIS

CONTAINING poems written by himself and pictures of the mothers of well-known Church leaders, with insets of the sons of these mothers, this little volume by Theodore Curtis, Utah writer, will interest readers of poetry. Comments from readers are as follows:

This new gift-book, "Mother-Heart Gold," is full of beauty.—*Dr. J. H. Paul.*

I have recognized in your work much talent for expressing great thoughts in a beautiful and expressive manner.—*Dr. John A. Widtsoe.*

Your book is very popular.—*David O. McKay.*

Your poems are very beautiful. You are a true poet.—*Orson F. Whitney.*

Every reader of your inspired lines is better for having read.—*Dr. James E. Talmage.*

The book is a gem. The sentiments expressed in your verses are beautiful and the arrangement very artistic.—*President Anthony W. Ivins.*

You write many splendid poems—*President Heber J. Grant.*

GLANCING THROUGH

Religion and Recovery

(Editorial Foreword in *Forum* for August, 1933)

By HENRY GODDARD LEACH

THE Sunday morning of the day on which General Hugh S. Johnson explained over the radio the plan and purpose of the National Recovery Act, I attended the early services of a church in a summer resort near one of the large cities. I expected to find only a few elderly women in attendance, knowing as I did that Sunday would be the only day upon which most of the families thereabouts could find time for recreation. To my surprise the church was comfortably filled with husbands, wives and children who had come to enjoy this early service, and who seemed to enjoy the hour of worship, as proven by their smiles. Religion can be a thing of smiles and serenity instead of frowns and gloom.

Since the World War, religion has been called a failure on the grounds that it did not keep mankind from the blind hatreds of the war; it has been called futile because it did not restrain us from the selfishness which brought on the depression; it has been called naive by young intellectuals who have turned up their noses at it; a faith in things unseen cannot be proved and does not belong, they feel, to a rational civilization.

But faith by its very nature eludes proof; religion is a higher function of the emotions, just as logic is a higher function of reason. It has not yet been proved that reason is more important to man than emotion. If religious faith is not subject to absolute proof—and it is usually almost as elusive as the changing theories of science—religion equally eludes exact definition. Religious denominations cannot agree on the same definition of religions, yet, as Dean Inge once explained, the ethics of Jesus should be acceptable to any broadminded person who is not a Christian.

Most of us apply the word religion unconsciously to any transcending, unselfish passion. Though for myself I define religion as belief in a personal God related to human emotions, I am willing to admit to the glad fellowship of religion any ruling passion or way of life that transcends personal selfishness. I cannot prove the statements of creeds, yet I refuse to deny myself the spiritual joy that comes from the assumption of the hypothesis they present.

The disgust which many have for religion is due to the disunity and petty arrogancies they have seen in various sects, failing to see the essential unity which Dean Inge observes when he tries to show that Jesus preached something more profound, even, than Christianity. American youth, appalled by the bigoted, once-a-week hypocritical pervisions of Christianity so dramatically assembled for them in "Elmer Gantry," says that Christianity has been tried and found wanting. Happily, they are greatly mistaken; Christianity has not even been tried, in modern society; anyone who reads the sermon on the mount, realizes that fact. The commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself" embraces all laws, all wars. It solves all personal problems. It eliminates, automatically, selfishness, condemnation, anger, and doubt. It is a complete, joyful way of life for social man.

These principles of religion are about to be applied in America in the partnership of business and politics; the first time since the Middle Ages that religion is to be tried out on a national scale. Although the National Recovery Act does not mention the words deity or religion, it is an application of the commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself." We are all to cooperate until each of our neighbors has a share in the nation's work, and at the same time to maintain self-respect and initiative. Both faith and hope are returning.

On March fourth, the President went from a house of worship to his inaugural, where he proclaimed a return to the ancient virtues. Our National Recovery is not a victory for the Church, but it is a reaffirmation of the simple and unescapable and periodically forgotten truths of religion.

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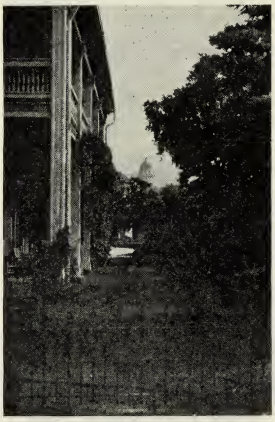


Beside the Bee Hive House

The Crisis in Character

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
(*Harper's Magazine* for Aug., 1933)

IN America, although we have talked about the depression until most of us are heartily sick of the topic, we have not talked enough about the third of the three phases of the crisis—the economic, the political, and the crisis in character. The economic crisis is the easiest to understand, and probably the easiest from which to emerge, for it was a normal result of disobeying economic laws. Business cycles and secondary post-war depressions are nothing new.

Coincident with this there has occurred a political crisis, brought about by redrawing the map of Europe on a basis of nationalism, racialism and hatreds, instead of economics and established methods and channels of trade; depressing effect of revolutions and political uncertainty, threats of war, tariffs, debts, reparations, currency controls, and other hindrances. This crisis is more difficult of cure because it has its seat in the emotions and passions of the greatest modern democracies.

The third crisis—that in character—has complicated our unhappy situation and may continue after we have surmounted the others and gained a certain degree of material prosperity.

There is nothing new about the demoralizing effects of both war and boom times, but the conditions of our people during the last few years have been more sinister than usual, as shown in the absence of trusted leaders, lack of courage on the part of the people at large, and more universal corruption of all classes, high and low. Leadership among financial potentates has been lacking for the simple reason that the highest and most respected of them have betrayed their trust to the people and the nation; are being tried for evading income-tax payments, are fleeing to Greece to escape justice, are ruining great sections of country through unforgivable carelessness. Cases of individual corruption are not new, but it is new that there seems to be not a single banker who can come to the front and assume national financial leadership; they all seem to be afraid of being caught.

And it is not alone in the realms of finance that there is apparent lack of character. There was notorious evidence of it in both houses of Congress before ex-Senator Smoot or Senator Owen made their remarks about the lack of courage displayed by the legislature in doing its duty by the people; the worst blow of all was struck at the American character when the House of Representatives, by an overwhelming vote, did not hesitate to repudiate the plighted word of the nation, given over and over again, to pay its debts in gold or its equivalent. When the great Federal Government itself breaks its word and announces that a contract and a pledge mean nothing, is it any wonder that its citizens follow suit, and that stockholders fight to avoid paying legal obligations? What becomes of American character when both the government and leading citizens hasten to repudiate legal obligations and solemn pledges for the sake of gain, and contracts are considered mere scraps of paper binding only when it is convenient? As we insist upon the war debts being paid, we do foreigners the honor of believing that they must live up to a moral standard which we have abandoned because it became too burdensome.

If we turn to the press, we find the same flabbiness of fiber, if nothing worse; some papers always have distorted news for the sake of sensation, but we used to regard other sheets as above such debauchery; yet recently one of the most dignified journals in the country did not hesitate to publish false statements which had no appeal except sensationalism, and in doing so the paper disregarded the protests of its correspondent who, like others, knew the statements to be wholly false. Another paper published a deliberate misrepresentation, sanctioned by the editor, such as would have lost a cub reporter his job a few years ago. But the rank and file of everyday men—John Doe and Richard Doe—can no longer throw stones at those in high position, for the politics, economic situation and personal character of the small town is the source of much political stench and infection. Criminality of even the highest government officers makes little impression upon the smug complacency of the people, for they have become used to it in their own communities. Moral issues appear to have ceased to make the slightest appeal to the ordinary citizen; during the Judge Seabury fight against the Mayor of New York, in the interests of decent government, a group of club men, far above the average in position and intelligence, sympathized with Walker rather than Seabury on the grounds that the former was amusing and good company and Seabury too much like George Washington. In most of our great cities, we have apparently abdicated completely to the forces of evil. True, there is a strong resentment against those leaders of finance who have betrayed trusts, but the feeling exists largely with those who have had personal money losses, not because of the lack of character made evident by the shady, if not dishonest, manipulations.

We may turn elsewhere and see the same thing. Take advertising and consider the society people who lend their names to the exploiting of goods, which they may or may not have used, for the sake of cheap notoriety and a handsome check, and the advertisers turn to such with a clear understanding of the snobbishness which is in the average American's character which makes him value a thing according to the value placed upon it by people who are somebodies. It is a sorry spectacle of shoddiness, this advertising along these lines; and a sorry sort of citizen who swallows it with the artificial conviction that he would be looked up to more if he used the same silverware, sheets, face creams, etc., as the elite.

Figure on the Brigham Young Monument

Without adding more examples of the breakdown, if there is such, of American character, let us consider some of the possible reasons for it. One reason is the corporate management of business affairs, which makes more and more of its employees "yes" men, trying to please the man higher up, and growing increasingly incapable of meeting his own problems and making his own decisions. Few men are their own boss; the almost universal adoption of the corporate form has exerted a pernicious influence.

To account for the change in the ordinary American, the herd of followers rather than leaders, we need only to turn to the changes in our private lives, largely due to invention. Needs have increased, demands have multiplied, money requirements have grown, business has become more competitive. With the irresistible need for more money, it became necessary for a man, or so it seemed, to make money at any cost of effort or principle. The effect upon character has become all too obvious. The great display of material things which has come into popularity, creates a tendency to live for show, for the material things, and thus we live on the surface instead of in life's deeps. Another phase of life which has made us lazy and soft is the lack of need for personal service to others. A boy no longer has to make fires and carry in coal and out ashes; an automatic furnace does that for him; an automobile in the garage gives none of the responsibility for caring for a living thing, as a horse gave in the old days. Multiplying these by countless more in this press-a-button age, it seems to me that there has been a great lessening of the things in daily life which build up character. We have comfort, but we slacken the muscles of will and the fibers of character.

Is the problem insoluble and future as dark as the present situation would indicate? I think not. I have spoken of the national character, which is but a sum total of all the individual characters, and so a regeneration of national character can come only by the regeneration of individuals. It can come only from some subtle change in the heart of the individual American man and woman—a change which one cannot predict, but of which we need not despair.

As the World Spins

Father Nile to Have His Route Changed

SCIENCE cannot stop the sun from shining, but it can change the course and bed of a river in order that evaporation may not rob the lands of so much water. A plan has been set forth to change the course of the Nile River in Africa in order that more water may be available for irrigation purposes. The project is expected to cost $150,000,000. From the *Literary Digest*, July 29, 1933, p. 14.

Pensions Instead of the Poorhouse

BATTLE for Old-age Relief Legislation in Every State Is Now Half Won, with 12,000 Living on Monthly Allowances From Public Funds."

Twenty-five States have enacted old-age pension laws. They are Arizona, California, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, Utah, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. *Literary Digest*, July 29, 1933, p. 18.

End of Illicit Drug Traffic Now in Sight

THE manufacture and distribution of narcotic drugs are regulated by the League of Nations. Thirty-eight countries have joined the pact. This action, it is thought, will have much to do with ending illicit traffic in drugs.

"When it is remembered that the dope addicts in this country are estimated at 120,000, that the number throughout the world is many times as large and that the traffickers are constantly building up new sources of demand, even among school children, the benefit of this international agreement can not be exaggerated."

International control of the narcotic drug traffic went into effect July 9. *Literary Digest*, July 29, 1933, p. 19.

Forty-eight Idahoans Suffered from Spotted Fever

FORTY-EIGHT residents of Idaho suffered from Spotted Fever, a disease caused by the bite of certain wood ticks, during the "tick season" of 1933. according to reports emanating from Boise.

"Until 1930 this disease, (Spotted Fever) one of the most dreaded maladies of the Northwest because it is often fatal, was not found in more than a dozen states. Recent investigations by the United States Public Health Service has revealed that the fever has now spread into practically every State. A case was reported in New York State this summer. Cases of illness which are probably spotted fever have been reported in Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri. In the Rockies it is considered a "fever year." The Journal of The American Medical Association in July reported seventy-four cases in Wyoming and forty-five in Montana. . . Some of the most noted entomologists of the world, including the late Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, have risked their lives studying it. Six contracted the disease and died while experimenting with infected ticks." *Literary Digest*.

Bald Heads may be Eliminated

FOR years wise men and fakirs have been seeking cures for bald heads. A Chicago physician now announces that he may be on the threshold of a discovery which will work the miracle. His treatment will be by means of a hypodermic needle and will be a glandular treatment.

We May Have a Federal Police and Detective System

RACKETEERING and some other crimes like kidnaping have grown to such proportions and operate over such wide territory that state lines have become a bar to detection and capture, in many cases. Senator Royal S. Copeland has presented a plan for a nation-wide detective system which may be adopted by the Federal Government and the States.

Our Speedy Conquest of the Air

THREE decades after the first flight, American planes carry thousands of passengers over millions of miles in a year. (Headlines in a recent publication.)

"The volume of traffic on the air lines of the United States has grown from 800,000 pounds in 1926 to 8,000,000 in 1932; passengers from about 5,700 carried in 1926 to 536,000 in 1932; express from 3,500 pounds in 1926 to 1,500,000 pounds in 1932. Miles flown by scheduled operators were 4,000,000 in 1926 and they exceeded 50,000,000 in 1932."

Cotton may be to the Whites What the Buffalo was to the Indian

GERMAN scientists believe that cottonseed may some day furnish a food for man that will contain vitamins A, B, C, and E. It may even contain vitamin D after radiation with violet light. Cotton, therefore, may some day both clothe and feed us just as the buffalo used to care for the Indian.

Kidnaper Given Death Penalty

WALTER MC GEE was given the death penalty for the kidnaping of Miss Mary McElroy, daughter of the City Manager of Kansas City.

Chronic Illness to go

MUCH of the chronic illness that exists today may be charged to the attitude on the part tof physicians and the public that chronic disease is incurable, says Miss (Mary C.) Jarrett.

" 'This error,' she says, 'is no longer excusable; for progress in medicine during the last half-century has put the whole subject of chronic illness in a new light. As medicine progresses the conception of incurability is constantly changing. When a doctor calls a patient 'incurable,' he is confessing his ignorance of the disease; or, to put it another way, to pronounce a patient incurable in the present state of medical knowledge places a serious responsibility on the physician and implies at times a greater knowledge than he possesses. Chronic invalidism is often the result of discontinuance of medical care when the acute symptoms have been relieved.'

"Altogether, the outlook for the chronically ill is definitely better."—*Literary Digest*, Aug. 19, p. 17.

Freedom of Press Defended

J. DAVID STERN, editor and publisher of the *Philadelphia Record*, believes that a liberal press is the nation's best safeguard, according to a statement found in *The Literary Digest*. Talk is a safety valve, he declared.

We quote: "In time of stress newspapers readers turn to the editorial page to articulate their indignation.

"Man goes berserk when he has no outlet for his emotions. Talk is the psychological safety valve. A liberal press is the nation's best protection against political extremism."

Melchizedek Priesthood

Seventies Organize

By PAUL P. ASHWORTH

THE 231st Quorum of Seventies of the Church was organized Mother's Day, May 15, 1933, from members of the Jefferson Ward, Grant Stake of Zion, by President J. Golden Kimball. As organized it consisted of 52 members. The work of this quorum has been so successful during the first year of its existence that a report of the methods followed is given in the interest of the Seventies' work everywhere.

The following committees were organized: Church Welfare Committee, Church Service Committee, Social Committee, Music Committee, and Special Missionary Work Committee.

The Personal Welfare Committee consists of a chairman, and three or more members, who look after the personal welfare and interests of the Quorum, those that are sick, and out of employment are especially considered and are visited weekly and everything possible that can be done by the quorum is done for them.

The Church Service Committee is devoted to the spiritual interests of the quorum members. This committee is also organized with a chairman and three or more members who follow up the securing of attendance at quorum meetings, Temple excursions, attendance at Sacrament meeting and the other spiritual duties of the members. To assist them with this work they have devised a card index system as follows:

CHURCH SERVICE COMMITTEE INDEX

Full Name ..... Phone .....
Address .....
Birth Date ..... Month ..... Year .....
Nationality .....
Married ..... Temple ..... Civil .....
No. in Family ..... Boys ..... Girls .....
Single ..... Endowments .....
Ordained Seventy When ..... Where .....

ACTIVITIES

Quorum Meetings ..... Ward Teaching .....
Missionary Work ..... Committee .....
Temple Work ..... Recommendation .....
Sunday School ..... Mutual .....
Sacrament Meetings .....
Talent .....
Occupation ..... Needs .....
Missionary Funds ..... Dues .....
Wife Active .....
Remarks .....

Give Reasons for Non Activity

So successfully has the work of this committee been carried out that the quorum meeting attendance has averaged 52% since organization, and 56.8% from January 1st to April 23rd of the present year. The keeping of an exact easily accessible record of each member with notes of follow-up work done with inactive members has accomplished a great deal.

The Music Committee consists of a chairman and two members and the Special Missionary work among non-members is carried on by the Seventies under the direction of a member of the Council. A number of non-members have been brought into the Church by the activities of the Special Missionaries in Jefferson Ward.

All of the above committees are supervised by a member of the Council which consists of Fred Trost, Arend Lugt, Ernest Jorgensen, Hyrum Pohlman, John Brunner, Ariel Funk, and James Graves. H. F. Aldous is Secretary and Wm. Rigby, Class Leader.

Virtue

WARD TEACHERS' MESSAGE FOR OCTOBER

Prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric by Oscar W. McConkie

TO possess virtue is to have power and admirable qualities or accomplishments, as well as to be clean from sexual impurity and other vice, and is to have a "particular moral excellence," and a "disposition to conform to the law of right." Codes of civilized peoples, civil and ecclesiastical, have extolled it and by legislative enactment have generally made sexual impurities crimes, the more heinous being not infrequently punishable by death. Before the Lord, who commanded that all men sanctify themselves, and be holy; that they defile not themselves with man or beast or "with any manner of creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth," sex sins are an abomination. They defile also the land, "therefore I do visit the iniquity thereof upon it, and the land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants." Against such offenses the Lord will set his face; and "the soul that sinneth it shall die." It is a law of the earth.

The divine law, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," has never been repealed and is no less important today than in Mosaic time. The stench of sexual impurities is as offensive now as at any time past. The law remains. Its violation is a principal gateway to the wilderness of sin, to the slough of despond. The wise-hearted will not partake of so great wickedness and offense against God. Its sham and illicit pleasures inevitably end in torture.

A primary duty of man, to himself and to society, is patiently to guard his own future. In doing so he must overcome a primal motive of sin, to wit: the urge to gain quick and unearned happiness through unnatural pleasures. It is the road to decay, and the more

I THINK if I were permitted to offer one prayer only for my brethren and sisters it would be this: "O God, keep us honest under the pressure these hard times have laid upon us. Let us be true to all men and to Thee."

—Stephen L. Richards.

intense and lustful practise, the speedier comes moral, physical, and spiritual disintegration. Licentiousness cheapens life and causes a noble something within the offender to die.

A chief vice is precocity. By obscene suggestions broadcast it is stimulated, turning much that was clean and bright to rust, with corrosion fastening itself upon standards and institutions once held sacred. Happiness is sought before its time, and open and secret vice abound with their shallow inducement for double life. The remedy is in militant conquest, in conquering self, and in lending our full powers to the end that others shall do so. To succeed is to earn peace and self-respect, with happiness following inevitably. Free love or other unfair sex relationship leads from happiness into marshy lands, where long repentance follows short pleasures.

"The law of the soul is eternal endeavor, that bears the man onward and upward forever." A trained, self-denying discipline, aided by time and patience will succeed. It is the Lord's plan that man should do so. Plato aptly said: "God was good, and being good he had no form of envy, and having no form of envy he desired all men to be like him." It is authoritatively stated that we may become like Him if we obey His law. That is our hope, but without virtue it can not be.

Virtue is sweeter than honey but to possess it one must be ever alert. He must tug at the same oar with God. A desire for it is a great gain toward it. When possessed it must be carefully guarded lest it be lost. Long and straight hitting may be necessary to gain it but it can be lost quickly. Mere thought, if uncontrolled, may kindle a flame that will consume all trace of it. We must hold a tight rein, for the battle to overcome self is life's greatest conquest. He is exceedingly rich who has done so. This priceless treasure may be acquired by all who fear God, "to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul."

Weekly Thoughts on Tithing

By DR. FRANKLIN MADSEN

Week of September 3:

The tithe belongs to God, therefore, should be returned to Him.

Week of September 10:

The law of tithing is a law of inheritance.

Week of September 17:

By paying tithing, people are prepared "against the day of vengeance and burning." (Doc. and Cov. 85:3).

Week of September 24:

Tithing is a practical means of placing the Divine and the dollar into concerted motion.

"Use" God Without Understanding Him

By JULES LUTGE

WHY shouldn't we use God and make the most of His beneficence just because we do not understand Him? We use electricity and avail ourselves of its benefits without understanding it. Why not use the power of God as unquestioningly as we do the power of electricity?

Reverent contact with God brings benefits as directly and as surely as the nonchalant pressing of a switch brings us the conveniences of electricity. Why do we have doubts about the advisability of contacting God simply because we feel that He has not been clearly defined to us?

An automobile manufacturer brings an intricate mechanism to us and without so much as a glance under the hood or the chassis, we entrust our lives to it, with full faith that every nut and rivet is in place! Yet we quibble about taking God on faith.

How rich our lives would be if we accepted God as unquestioningly and as trustfully as we accept the mechanical conveniences of life.

When the Vice-President of the American Tobacco Co. Stopped Smoking

By DR. JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG, M.D., LL.D.

THERE came into my office one day a tall gentleman, very erect, with a serious and dignified air, features haggard and wrinkled, skin sallow and a depressed and worried facial expression.

Without sitting, he said, "Dr. Kellogg, I am Charles S. Keene, Vice-President of the American Tobacco Company. I am sixty-seven years old. I have myocarditis. I have consulted many physicians. They have been able to give me no help and offer me no hope. I am informed that I have at most, not more than two or three years to live. This is a fine old world, Doctor, and I'd like to stay a little longer and enjoy it. I have come out here to Battle Creek to see if possibly you might not be able to do something to help me so that I may live a few more years. Can you help me?"

When Father Prays

By Estella Giesking

WHEN father prays, the stillness seems so tender and complete
It is as though we all had come before the mercy seat;
He'll bend his reverent reverend head and speak direct to God
And well he may for all his life, he's grasped the iron rod.

And lower still he bends his head in earnestness so deep,
Irreverent I must stand abashed and almost I must weep.
I think of all the work he's done—I think of all his cares,
I wonder how he's stayed so sweet; He's wheat among the tares.

As he still stood, so anxious that he would not sit before hearing my answer to his question, I said, "I suppose, of course, you smoke, Mr. Keene."

"Oh, yes, " he replied, "I have smoked ten or twelve strong cigars every day for forty years."

"If you will stop smoking," I suggested, "I have no doubt you will improve greatly and may add some years to your life."

"Do you really think, Doctor, that smoking has anything to do with my heart trouble?"

"I do not doubt that it has. It may be the chief cause of it. I have known many cases in which persons suffering from myocarditis made wonderful improvement after they stopped smoking."

Said Mr. Keene, gripping his hands in his eagerness, and speaking in a very

earnest tone, his face turned slightly upward and beaming with hope,

"Doctor, I'm ready to do anything that is necessary for me to do in order that I may have the privilege of living a few more years in this fine old world."

"Well, then," said I, "you will stop smoking at once," and he did.

Three weeks later, sitting in my office, he reported:

"Really, Doctor," he said, "I have not missed my cigars so much as I expected. Yesterday I lighted a cigarette, not because I craved it, but, rather, out of curiosity, and to my great surprise, found that I cared little for it. I threw it away. Doctor, I have been thinking this matter over and have made up my mind that tobacco does a great many men a great deal of harm."

Pausing a moment, he added, "and it doesn't do anybody any good. I have given it up myself."

Already he was showing improvement. He continued to improve. At the end of three months, he was able to return home greatly bettered in every way. He not only stopped smoking, but he adopted the whole biologic program. He was most meticulously careful to observe every precept of the biologic code. No coffee or tea, never a taste of meat of any sort, fish, flesh or fowl, no condiments, efficient elimination, exercise and fresh air. Every health-promoting means of any sort was made a part of his health program. He became a most enthusiastic advocate of the biologic life. After returning home, he spread the gospel among his friends, and soon came Mr. P——, of ——, with a letter of introduction from Mr. Keene.

"Ever since his return from Battle Creek, said Mr. P——, Mr. Keene has been after me about smoking. Whenever he sees me, he says, "P——, you're smoking your head off. Go up to Battle Creek and get rid of it."

And Mr. P—— stopped smoking, and with great benefit. A few months later he resumed "moderately," of course, a trap into which so many fall, and often under bad medical advice, and in a few months went to the cemetery.

Others of Mr. Keene's friends came and profited greatly by renouncing the cigar and the cigaret.

Twice a year Mr. Keene spent a month at the Sanitarium for examination and treatment and for several years made steady improvement. Ten years after he first appeared in my office, Mr. Keene came back on his semi-annual visit and, as he walked into my office exclaimed, "Doctor, you have added twenty years to my life."

He certainly looked many years younger than when ten years before he first appeared in my office. His face was free from wrinkles and his complexion that of a robust, country school boy. Renouncing the tobacco habit would without doubt add five or ten years to the life of the average smoker who has attained the age of fifty or sixty years. The earlier the practice is given up, the greater the number of years that may be added to the life expectancy.

There is good ground for believing that the average smoker loses more than five years of life because of the habit. This means an annual loss to the country and the world of many thousands of human lives because of indulgence in the weed which Columbus found when he discovered America, and of which his sailors said, "We saw the naked savages twist huge leaves together and smoke like devils."—*From the March, 1933, issue of "Good Health Magazine." Used by permission of the Good Health Publishing Company.*

Personality of E. W. Howe

Continued from page 669

past ten minutes, and I judge him to be an unusual person. He is, I think, from the country, and smart—a David Harum, say, with an up-to-date polish. He is intellectual rather than emotional. He is proud but tender. He is generous but thrifty. He is benign but firm. He is a realist—a conservative. And, palpably, he has a magnetic personality."

A DOG, too, is by way of being a psychologist. Consider, please, this amusing instance. One February afternoon at the Hialeah race-track an official of the sports organization entertained a number of celebrities in his private box at the clubhouse. Among his guests were a financier, an opera star, a publisher, several artists, a cinema player, and Ed Howe. As they leisurely ensconced themselves in the box a stray mongrel got wind, literally, of them—sniffed eagerly and experimentingly of their heels and, after diagnostic, settled down contentedly and trustingly at the side of Mr. Howe's chair.

The identical emotion that impelled this canine decision is what impels the farmers and towns-people in juxtaposition to Ed Howe's summer home in Kansas to seek him out for advice, cheer and aid. It is what causes countless polyglot admirers to gravitate to his winter headquarters in Miami. A dog, a farmer, a clerk, a banker, a pugilist, a laborer, a statesman—there must be something about the man.

It is a common thing for embryonic scribblers, prone to clothe their brain folks in the seven veils of illusion and to soar with bizarre and polysyllabic adjectives, to turn desperately to editors and ask for a literary purgative. "Give me twenty-five cents," invariably reply George Horace Lorimer, Ray Long and others, "and I will send it to Atchison, Kansas; and every month for a year you will receive a copy of "E. W. Howe's Monthly." written entirely by himself. Study it; digest it; emulate its reportorial doctrines." The same little four-page magazine, they advise, that some of the world's preeminent men—John D. Rockefeller, H. G. Wells, E. H. Gary, par example—regularly take and religiously read, utilizing much of the counsel therein.—Yes, there must be something about the man.

AS great a philosopher as Emerson he is, declare some—this slender handsome man of seventy-six, who by dint of his own perspiration and perseverance rose from humble obscurity to an eminence enviable. I don't know—but certainly he is a beloved character, with influence far-reaching and beneficial.

"We should all pretend, in public, to be a little better than we are," remarked he once to me, laying down the rules for a happy and successful existence; "we should have a display window, as the store-keepers have, and exhibit our best goods. We should have ideals we cannot quite reach; we should all be a little high-minded, and accomplish a little of the greater good. Every man should know a few lines of poetry; he should exaggerate every good thing a little, and hover cautiously around the various higher things, but he must not go so far from the shores of reality that he may not paddle back in safety. We can't wear our Sunday or company clothes all the time; we must put on working suits, and attack the weeds and the mud holes."

And that, typically, is Ed Howe—the greatest living Apostle of Common Sense.

Aaronic Priesthood

Self-Check Questionnaire

RECOMMENDED to Stake Aaronic Priesthood Chairmen and Ward Supervisors as a guide in checking on conditions in Stakes and Wards. These questions are based upon the recommended plan of Supervisors:

Is your Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee fully organized according to the recommended plan? *Answer*.....

Does the stake committee make regular visits to wards to check on Priesthood activity? *Answer*.....

Does your stake committee get regular monthly reports from all ward committees? *Answer*.....

Does your stake committee send monthly reports to the Presiding Bishopric? *Answer*.....

Does your stake committee plan and carry forward a definite plan of social and fraternal activities? *Answer*.....

Are your Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committees all organized and operating according to the recommended plan? *Answer*.....

Do the quorums and classes follow the order of business provided in the lesson books? *Answer*.....

Are assignments made to each member of Aaronic Priesthood each week? *Answer* .....

Are these assignments followed up and reported on? *Answer*.....

Are the regular lessons followed? *Answer* .....

Are the Book of Remembrance lessons being given? *Answer*.....

Do Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committees meet weekly? *Answer*.....

Do supervisors check attendance regularly and follow up inactive members? *Answer*.....

Do ward supervisors meet regularly with the Ward Correlation Committee? *Answer*.....

Do supervisors check on attendance of their quorum members at Sunday School, M. I. A. and Seminary? *Answer* .....

Do ward committees plan and carry forward a definite program of social and fraternal activities for quorum members? *Answer*.....

Uniforms in Sacrament Service

WE are meeting with great success in our work this year. We have nearly two quorums of Deacons and have adopted the uniform dress in the passing of the Sacrament. We find that the boys show much greater interest in their work when all are dressed alike. There is also more reverence shown during the passing of the Sacrament by the members as well as the boys themselves.

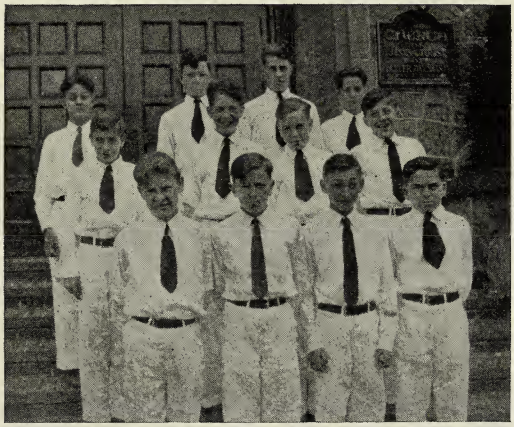
With these personal duties cared for he has a greater incentive to be courteous, thoughtful and orderly in the performance of his sacred duties. Then too, the boys are more regular in their attendance, both at Sunday School and evening services as well as their quorum work.

Each boy furnishes his own suit, unless he is unable, and then it is furnished to him and he is expected to keep himself neat and clean at all times.

We follow the prescribed course as outlined by the Presiding Bishopric in all of our classes, of Priests, Teachers and Deacons. Our Priests and Teachers classes are fairly well attended. We are very enthusiastic about our Priesthood here in Portland.

It is our aim to make better Deacons so that the future may produce better Elders, Seventies and High Priests.

This picture is of the first quorum of Deacons. They are: Arthur Sinclair, Max Harker, Arthur Vincent, Weston Mattice (Secretary), Edwin Wells (Second Counselor), Collin Peterson, Carlton Craner (President), James Kline, Jr., Billie Hansen (First Counselor), Eugene Craner, Roland Purdy, George Peterson.



Deacon's Quorum, Portland, Oregon, showing uniforms used in Sacrament Service.

Thoughts on Sunday

By Vera B. Stewart

SUNDAY is a different day from all the rest.
Maybe it's because by God it has been blessed.
There's a sacred stillness in the air,
Which has been felt by mortals everywhere.
The very birds sing different Sunday morning.
As if they were a special deed performing;
At least it seems that way to me,
As I listen to their songs so sacredly.
The church bells pealing through the air
Speak of worship which we all should share
To refresh our minds and free us from all care.
(Friendly, W. Va.)

Knowledge

By Catherine E. Berry

IT is a fearful thing to know
That Life can take and break you so.

It is a joyful thing to learn
When Winter goes, Spring will return.

Improvement in Aaronic Priesthood Work

THE Alberta Stake has made an excellent showing in the attendance and activity of the Aaronic Priesthood. The methods employed to secure these results are briefly summarized by President Edward J. Wood. The primary responsibility rests, naturally, on the ward bishoprics. Under their direction the details are carried out as follows:

"The first requisite is a capable and faithful supervisor, a Ward Aaronic Priesthood Chairman who is a boys' man, possessing executive ability, much energy and a love for his fellow men. This class of man is not easy to find, but is invaluable. We usually have the supervisors select as their aides—boys from the various quorums and they carry on the physical work, such as visiting the various members of the quorums and appealing to them.

"One of the most stimulating methods that we have found is the contest work. We have organized contests between Deacons and Teachers. Teachers and Priests in the same ward, and the Lesser Priesthood of one ward and the Lesser Priesthood of another. Some of these contests have lasted for a month, others for three months. The losers are penalized by furnishing conveyance and a lunch for a trip to some nearby industry which would be instructive to the boys, or in the arranging and organizing of a party in gymnasiums, where games are played and peanut and candy socials are enjoyed. In these parties the fathers are invited to associate with the boys, and from these sources we have had some of our best results. Some of the wards are now organizing an attendance contest between the Lesser Priesthood and the Melchizedek Priesthood as we find that many of the inactive members of the Lesser Priesthood have fathers in the Melchizedek Priesthood who are inactive, and if we can get representatives from both priesthoods working in the family we are assured of greater success. Oftentimes the inactive in the Melchizedek Priesthood is the father of two or three inactive boys in the Aaronic Priesthood and they follow in his footsteps.

"We have also found that the breaking of the Word of Wisdom is one of our chief deterrents, and any improvement in this line helps our percentage in attendance at meetings. We are trying to stress the attendance of the 'teen' age girls at sacrament meeting, as we find that the Lesser Priesthood has far greater attendance at sacrament meeting than the girls of that age and we think if more of the girls would attend, this would also assist in getting a larger attendance of the boys."

Uintah Stake Conducts Successful Outing

WITH the first ideal spring day of the season the gathering of over 350 members of the Uintah stake Aaronic Priesthood was held Saturday afternoon. Included in the outing were supervisors and ward and stake authorities. The event was held at the Morgan Merkley pasture in Dry Fork canyon. It was one of the most successful outdoor gatherings in the history of the stake.

Every detailed arrangement for the entertainment of the members of the Aaronic Priesthood had been carefully worked out before hand by the various committees in charge. Morgan Merkley of the committee on grounds had selected one of the finest spots in the entire section, a grassy meadow. A huge pile of wood for the evening bonfire was provided. Before the fire at night the program of music, song and story was given as a conclusion of the eventful day.

The program of sports commenced shortly after 12:30 p. m., when each of the groups under the direction of Ivan Perry rapidly had all participating in games. Groups from each of the three divisions contested for supremacy. Indoor baseball, spot ball, tug o' war, relay races, etc., took up the time until lunch when groups from the various wards separated to enjoy their evening meals. Then there was time for hiking, taking in the beauties of the surrounding section.

The Aaronic Priesthood stake organization compose Archie Johnson, Hugh W. Colton of the stake presidency, Harold Hullinger, Chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood, from the high council, A. T. Johnson, Karl B. Preece and Joseph Collier, supervisors. Special committees were Mr. Johnson and Mr. Colton, program; Joseph Collier, refreshments; Ivan Perry, sports; Mr. Preece and Mr. Collier, attendance.

The following program before the camp fire in the evening, was given: Trombone solo, Frank Goodrich; claring duet, Norman and Eldred Johnson, deacons; Naples trio, Byron Goodrich, Ashel Manwaring, Frank Goodrich; story by L. G. Noble, principal of Uintah high School; cornet solo, Harold Bell, deacon; talk, President H. B. Calder; yodeling, Ashel Manwaring; talks, Joseph Collier and A. T. Johnson; song with ukulele accompaniment, Don Weeks, deacon; remarks, Bishop H. LeRoy Morrill, Tridell ward; closing remarks by Hugh W. Colton and Harold Hullinger.

An Honest Prayer

By Joseph R. Meservy

NO better saying can be said of man
Than that he prays to God an honest prayer:

Beneath the cloak of penitence he kneels
To ask his King to give him greater light,
To blot away the sins of yesterday
And make him strong tomorrow to do right;
At prayer he tries to hide no crime from God,
Confesses all, determines to do right—
To always love his neighbor as himself
And serve the Lord with all his strength and might.
What calls forth better estimation than
The sending up to Him an honest prayer!

Deseret Stake Devises Effective System

THE Presiding Bishop's Office has received from Deseret Stake a sample of the record card developed to record the activities of ward correlation committees. The card provides for complete information regarding every young man with his history and a month record of his activities. It also provides a rating system whereby every Aaronic Priesthood member is rated in classes "A", "B" or "C" according to his record of activities.

Splendid results are reported from the use of the card. Deseret Stake had an average attendance at quorum meetings in 1932 of 26% with 62% of all members filling assignments, 30% average attendance at Sunday School and 65% observing the Word of Wisdom.

WHEN a young man complains about how little his position pays him, the boss probably isn't paying him more because he isn't able to see how he could get value for his money.

* * * *

WHAT'S all this talk about your being determined not to be a slave to work? That's the only way we get to be freemen in this workaday world.—*Jules Lutge.*

MUTUAL MESSAGES

Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
50 NORTH MAIN STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Recognition from George Washington Bicentennial Commission

Hon. George Albert Smith,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

My Dear Mr. Smith:

WITH the close of the George Washington Bicentennial Celebration on Thanksgiving Day, this Commission has received comment on the inspirational success of the celebration from all over the world.

This success is not only a satisfying commentary on the work of this commission, but it in turn reflects honor on all co-operating agencies and organizations that entered into the spirit and the activity of the Bicentennial Year.

In this respect, no organization of its kind took a more active part or contributed more to the glorification of the name of George Washington than The Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association of your Church.

We also acknowledge the support of Senator Reed Smoot and Senator William H. King, who, we understand, are members of your organization. These men have aided this commission in its mighty task on all occasions.

In recognition of the outstanding quality and quantity of the participation of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association in the Bicentennial, we deem it an honor to award to the Association an official George Washington Bicentennial Commemorative Medal in silver in the name of the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission. This medal was made by the United States Mint at Philadelphia, and is a replica in silver of the platinum medal recently presented to President Hoover.

Immediate steps will be taken to facilitate the formal presentation of this medal through the offices of one of the Senators from Utah.

We trust that the Bicentennial of George Washington has inspired you to undertake further program and study activity that will keep the fire of patriotism burning in the hearts of the youth of the land.

Sincerely yours,
SOL BLOOM, *Associate Director*

Note: The medal has been received and may be viewed by those interested. It was formally presented at June Conference.

Letters to M. I. A.

Room 2550, Graybar Building,
Lexington Ave. at 43rd St.,
New York.
June 24, 1933.

Mr. George Albert Smith,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

My dear Mr. Smith:

THANK you very much for your telegram of June 11th, and for the very fine and generous manner in which you expressed yourself therein.

It is gratifying to me, both personally and as President of the Boy Scouts of America, to know that the great Mormon Church has always taken and is now taking, such a keen interest in character development, as exemplified by the Boy Scouts of America. To you and to your associates in the church I extend heartiest congratulations as the result of having recently celebrated your 20th Scout Birthday in the church with which you are so prominently identified.

The loyalty and enthusiasm which you personally have shown to and for Scouting, and the very valuable help and assistance which you have rendered to the National Council is not only very gratifying to me, but is deeply appreciated as well.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) WALTER W. HEAD.

Green and Gold Queen, Boise Stake

National Council Office,
2 Park Ave., New York,
June 19, 1933.

Mr. George Albert Smith,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Mr. Smith:

MY first duty and pleasure on returning to the office is to express to you by letter my deep appreciation of the many courtesies extended to me on my recent visit to Salt Lake City.

It was a great inspiration to see your Church in action and the magnificent spirit of cooperation and mutual understanding between your young people and the leaders of your Church. I have never seen anything like it in all my contacts with all the church groups.

Your people have been most successful in meeting your young people on the level of their own interest without attempting to make "oldsters" out of the "youngsters."

It is quite evident that in the wholesome social life of the young people

and between the young people and the more mature members of the family you have also maintained a high level of spiritual life and have preserved all the values of a living Christianity.

The Youth Conference, the social features of Saltair; the Primary pageant in the great Tabernacle; the Twentieth Anniversary of Scouting in the Church; the testimony meeting in the General Assembly; and the Sunday Conference and Convocation with President Grant were inspiring events, revealing the fine spirit and vision of Mormonism.

I congratulate you and the leaders of your Church on your splendid vision and success in reaching your young people. You have developed a great program for your young men and young women and the youth of the Church.

Please extend my greetings with added words of high esteem to President Grant and all of your associates.

Cordially and faithfully yours,
(Signed) RAY O. WYLAND,
Director of Relationships.

Joint Meeting—October

EXECUTIVES already have material in hand for that meeting.

Adults

SEPTEMBER is the month in which the wheels of M. I. A. again begin to turn, after a summer of comparative inactivity. The Adult class is one which, as a rule, begins to function early in the season, for its members are the tried and true of the ward who know when Mutual resumes its regular meetings and are anxious to participate from the first.

The course of study for the Adult department for the season 1933-34 promises to hold unusual interest and food for thought and discussion. It is "Religion, a Way of Life," and the manual in which it appears is from the hand of Guy C. Wilson, well known writer of the Church and student of religious affairs.

The Project for the department is "We will strive to raise the cultural tone of our community social life and recreational activities," and offers a field of activity, preceded by thoughtful planning for every Adult member desirous of contributing to the uplift of the locality in which he lives.

Appreciation Courses will be offered for those who desire to come into better understanding of cultural activities, and it is hoped that the adult membership will avail themselves of the opportunities of these courses.

The whole nation, if not the world, is looking up this fall, with the feeling that the past two or three years have passed and those to come will more than compensate for the difficulties of the last ones. Letting the optimism of the country into our M. I. A. outlook is naturally one of the first steps to be taken; and the Adult class is naturally the one to make this optimism felt. Come out to Mutual in greater numbers than ever before; participate in the discussion and share your thoughts and ideas in order to provide stimulation for yourself and others. Realize that M. I. A. is an important and integral part of the program of the Church, and enter into it with the spirit of that realization. May 1933-34 be great!

Opening Department Social October 3rd

PREPARE now for a good start. A get-acquainted social at the opening of the season gives an impetus to the work that is most essential. Personal invitations have been found to be most effective. Get a list of all who are eligible from the Ward Clerk. Divide names among active members and see to it that everyone receives a hearty invitation. "The rest of us want you—we need you," should be the nature of this appeal.

If it has been impossible for you to organize and adopt your activity program, project, etc., before this occasion, (Oct. 3rd) by all means use part of the evening to acquaint all the members with the suggestions contained in the Guide, and attend to all of these things. So plan the entire program for this opening social that it will sparkle with interest and hearty good fellowship throughout. Stress joyous living as our aim. The learning process is only part of our program. Group action in common causes, enjoyment in social enterprises are primary purposes.

Living Picture of Old Oaken Bucket
Sandy 3rd Ward

Adult Guide

STAKE and Ward Adult Leaders and all Adult members should procure at once the *Adult Department Guide and Manual* 1933-34, if they have not already done so. By studying the first twenty-five pages you will become thoroughly prepared to go before your group to discuss this year's program. It is probably the most attractive and comprehensive plan that has been presented. The general aims and purposes of the Department have been clearly defined and guiding principles held up to view. By adopting or creating a program in harmony with these, suited to your own needs, as each group is invited to do; you cannot fail to arouse unbounded interest and insure unprecedented success throughout the season.

It is hoped you will, by exercising your initiative, make some valuable contributions to the Church as a whole. The General Boards look to you for the development of new ideas that will enrich our program, for approaches to vital problems, for suggestions and leadership in many ways.

"Religion a Way of Life"

THIS is the title of our new manual, from the pen of Guy C. Wilson, head of the Department of Religious Education of the Brigham Young University.

The first seven chapters deal with a new aspect of religion, a broadening aspect and one that will take in all the activities that tend to enrich life and make it much more worthwhile.

The next eight chapters deal with the question why people today seem to be losing faith in what is called religion; "Obstacles to Faith" are considered.

1. Pain and suffering.
2. The new attitude toward the Bible.
3. Miracles.
4. Unanswered prayer.
5. "Scholarship" ideas.

The question is frequently asked: "Just why are so many of the younger generation and especially the student element of our church growing indifferent to the church in its activities?" That is the major thought behind the manual for this year. It is intended to prepare parents to understand the problems perplexing student youths today.

The next three chapters are devoted to the three greatest ideas that have ever come to the world, ideas that are instrumental in moving the world forward.

The last eight chapters deal with the philosophy of Mormonism and the teaching of the fundamental principles of our religion and what to do about it.

The Second Period and Its Purposes

(See pages 21-30 of Adult Department Guide and Manual.)

ESSENTIALLY this period is set aside for general cultural development through study and expression. It is intended to increase our capacity to enjoy the cultural side of life. The courses suggested are called significantly, Appreciation Courses. Adult groups are at liberty to choose their own. The following are suggested.

1. From the Community Activity Manual: courses in dancing, music, speech, story-telling, etc.

2. Current events and current literature. (Feature *Improvement Era.*)

3. The appreciation of literature. (Choose your own texts.)

4. Subscribe for a course offered by the Brigham Young University. (See pages 27-29.)

5. Devise your own program with approval of your M. I. A. executive officers. (Stake and Ward.)

The Study and Activities of Our New Project

(See pages 16-19, inc.)

THE first Tuesday night of each month is to be devoted to the project and special programs. These are named in the Adult Department Calendar (see page 20). Suggestive material for these evenings will appear from month to month in the *Improvement Era.*

Report—Watch the *Era*

IN order that the *Improvement Era* may fully serve the interests of our department it is important that you send frequent reports of what you are doing to the Adult Committee of the General Board. It may be you have hit upon some new idea, a capital subject for study, an interesting mode of procedure, a delightful social event, a thrilling project or an activity of unusual, appealing character that is proving successful in your group. Tell us about it so we may pass it on to others through the *Era.* The Adult Committee of the General Board wishes to become a clearing-house for the field. Give others the benefit of your ideas and experiences. We want to know about your successes.

Questions and problems which may arise or requests for suggestive material will receive prompt attention if submitted directly to:

M. I. A. Adult Committee,
50 No. Main Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Gold and Green Queen and Attendants, Orangeville Ward

Ogden, Utah

M. I. A. Adult Committee:

OUR Adult Class was a very big success last year. We followed the program. We have never missed one social and have found it a good thing to have a short program at the beginning of our Socials and using only talents from the Adult Class; in that way everyone gets a chance to perform and use his or her special talent and it is rather surprising the talents one can find in that way. Next we would have games—these games depending on the crowd. We had our regular class but at a social so many more were invited that we had to test them out to see which games would make the biggest hit. We usually started with a get acquainted game (there are a great many which we have used to good advantage). Then we would pantomime something of every day life, or have a guessing game and gradually get them all on the floor without the timid ones knowing they really were in the game.

After the games all were seated and the committee appointed for serving refreshments served them while they were in a glad frame of mind and naturally very hungry. The lunch was donated by different ones each time, so that no hardships were imposed on the same ones.

We had a wonderful time all year, the older people enjolying it as well as the younger ones!

Here's best wishes for the M. I. A. Adult Class. Good luck to all! With best wishes for continued success in this great work.—*Alice A. McGinnis, Activity Leader.*

Seniors

NOW is the time for the Senior Class leaders to get their work lined up for the coming year. The Mutuals will begin soon and every effort should be made to have the guns all loaded and aimed ready for the big opening salvo.

Right now the Senior class leaders, in conjunction with the M. I. A. executive officers, could list those in the ward between the ages of 23 and 35 and could do a little preliminary work in getting them interested in the coming class work. The lessons this year are of paramount importance to everybody and the magazines and newspapers are filled with material dealing with the subjects which are to be treated during the coming year.

Perhaps something could be done about awakening a ward interest in clipping a text book from current publications. The class leader might especially interest a few in aiding in making up a class text book which could be used as the year advances. Suggestions concerning this matter may be had in the Senior Manual for the year.

Senior class leaders, by all means, should be in attendance at their stake conventions this fall and should be there ready to take part. They should have gone over the class material rather well and should be ready and eager to discuss it. Stake leaders should do their best, also, to keep a scrap book or a clipping envelope ready to exhibit at their conventions in order to encourage ward workers to prepare themselves.

If anyone in the stake or ward has made a success of a worthwhile hobby, that person might be interviewed. Newspapers will be glad to feature those who have done anything different or unique.

The Senior Manual ("Problems of Today and Tomorrow," by Merrill and Brandley) is available and should be in the hands of all of the Senior stake and ward leaders, for certainly that class is going to be most successful which has at its head a person who has interested himself in the current problems of the nation. A bibliography of magazine articles might be arranged in advance in order that in the very beginning assignments may be made intelligently and definitely.

Reconciliation

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

I *FOLLOWED* Thee throughout the ages, Lord,
And thought to find Thee in Thy written word—
I saw Thy footprints in a flowering glade
And waited long—hungering in its shade.
Where sorrow dwelt I traced Thy holy grace,
And reaped Thy blessings in a humble place—
I sought Thee with the rising of the sun
And watched Thy glory till the day was done
Every where I went in search of Thee
I caught bright glimpses of Thy mystery.
Resigned at last to loneliness apart—
I found Thee chambered in my groping heart!

M Men-Gleaners

A DELIGHTFUL feature of the M. I. A. program is the bringing together of M Men and Gleaners for joint activities. In connection with this group, let us ever keep in mind our six objectives:

1. Directing the mind of youth to the deep values of mind and spirit, and to the beautiful in outward expression and dress.
2. Extending desirable acquaintanceship.
3. Learning to work in groups.
4. Forming self-governing groups for developing leadership and initiative.
5. Developing culture and social refinement.
6. Developing a higher type of social leadership.

The leaders in charge of separate M Men and Gleaner groups and the M Men and Gleaner officers are responsible for the successful carrying forward of these joint sessions. Generally the latter conduct the programs.

During 1933-34 the first Tuesday of each month is entirely given to Joint M Men and Gleaner activities. The period will cover one hour and a half —from 7:45 to 9:15. The subject for discussion is "Personality" to be presented through talks and discussions. Activities and demonstrations pertinent to the subject for each month may be introduced if desired. Freedom and initiative are to be encouraged in arranging each evening's program. Leaders and M Men-Gleaner officers should read the entire course through so that they may get the feeling of the subject and more intelligently plan the various features. Preparation should be made during the month preceding each program for the talks by M Man and Gleaner Girl. The talks will be about five or six minutes in length and should measure up to the standards of good public speaking as outlined in the Community Activity Manual. These should be followed by spirited discussions, and these in turn by the demonstrations where such are introduced. Each month helps and suggestions will be given in the M Men-Gleaner notes in the *Improvement Era.*

Part Three, pages 187-209 of the Gleaner Manual and pages 107-135 of the M Men Manual are devoted to the M Men-Gleaner program.

Personality

A MAGNETIC personality; what would we give to be its possessor?" This year's program will have suggestions and material which will enable M Men and Gleaners to improve their personalities by improving their behavior, for personality is the sum total of social behavior.

Throughout the coming year many phases of personality will be discussed, beginning with the first lesson—Personality—What is it?—a chapter which creates a decided interest in the subject matter. The hundreds of thousands of dollars spent every year in response to such advertising as "I was a wallflower," etc., "Awaken the sleeping beauty in your eyes," is evidence of people's desire to be the possessors of pleasing personalities, and continuing through such subject heads as—Sincerity, Charm, Manliness, Deportment, Aids in the Development of Personality, Harmonizing Personalities, and in conclusion, the Great Personality and Appreciation of Life,—make this year's joint program one which will be extremely interesting and decidedly beneficial.

One of the main reasons that our present day world is in such a state of turmoil is because of "Unethical practice and adherence to false values." Never before has there been such a need of sincerity, and "Real sincerity is not so simple as commonly supposed; it has two aspects which may be termed moral and intellectual." "Man must not only behave in strict accord with his beliefs, being morally sincere, but he must anchor his beliefs in truth; he must be intellectually sincere." "When mankind shall have become sincere, morally and intellectually, economic depression, political corruption, social class will have vanished from the earth."

Often a personality is judged at a first meeting; then is not the matter of deportment a vital element in development of personality? "How do you meet people? Does a first meeting with you arouse interest in further acquaintance?" Deportment is most important to those of us who wish to improve our personalities.

"Only by overcoming bad habits, by substituting good ones in their place and by perseverance can we reach the goal of our creation." The forming of good habits makes for improved behavior, and improved behavior means better personality.

Every girl possesses charm, but no girl is as charming as she might be. A charming person fills the atmosphere with vibrations of graciousness and loveliness, for charm is an expression of the soul.

A man who possesses manliness finds the gates of humanity thrown enthusiastically open to him. If you would be manly seek the attributes that make you so.

"None of us can live alone. What you do affects me, and what I do must give you some concern, or we are dead to each other." Thus we must learn to harmonize our personalities; we must bring into this world of ours unselfishness, tact, and understanding if we are to live in harmony.

The Great Personality, the ideal example—"He is never jealous of any man, He is never impatient, He is a man of exquisite refinement." This lesson is the foundation and the background of all other lessons. "I find no fault in this man," calmly said the representative from Caesar. Surely He is the Perfect Personality.

Our attitude toward life tremendously affects our personality. If we accept life as a great Spiritual Drama with an important prologue gone before and an important epilogue to follow, we shall live purposefully and well.

South Sanpete Stake

THE South Sanpete Stake M. I. A. has recently accomplisehd what some held to be impossible. For the first time in the history of the stake the oportunity was afforded for every M Man and Gleaner Girl to attend the M Men-Gleaner banquet.

Because of the geographical location of the wards of the stake and the fact that no banquet hall is available, large enough to house a single stake banquet, it was held advisable to hold three banquets: one at Sterling, one at Manti and one at Ephraim.

The Sterling banquet was held in the Sterling ward chapel with about eighty people present, the theme being the "M. I. A."; the colors, green and gold. The Manti banquet was held in the Center ward chapel with about one hundred twenty-five taking part. The banquet tables were decorated in the M. I. A. colors and the theme "Tomorrow" was very effectively carried out. The Ephraim banquet was held in the Ephraim High School with about one hundred seventy present. White and gold were the decorating colors, together with easter lilies; the theme being Easter. After each banquet a dance was held.

In order to beat the depression and make the event as nearly as possible within the reach of all who cared to come, usable produce was accepted as the admission price.

Lehi Stake

IT was a gala affair—the Lehi Stake M Men-Gleaner Banquet! M Men and Gleaner Girls ,like the wind blown snow, drifted from all parts of the stake to the Lehi Second Ward chapel, where they were to be entertained in banquet and dance for the small sum of thirty-five cents.

The burning red candles which centered the tables, were very conspicuous in the half lighted hall. Flowers beautifully decorated the tables and a color scheme was carried out in accord with the birthday anniversary of George Washington. A well arranged program was carried out during the course of the meal.

After the banquet a short program was enjoyed while the tables were cleared out of the recreation Hall. Then the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

Gleaner Girls

Gleaner Leaders:

IT is a privilege to be a Gleaner leader and a responsibility also. Who can tell how far reaching your message will be if it touches the hearts of your Gleaner girls? Let us keep constantly before us the purpose of the Gleaner organization. Bring before your girls often the story of Ruth. As she gleaned in the fields to gather the golden grain, so our Gleaner girl is privileged to glean in the fields of life, to glean out of all the experiences of the past. All the world is her harvest field. She gleans sheaves by gaining knowledge and binds sheaves by putting that knowledge into action. The harvest depends upon the quality as well as the number of sheaves gleaned. The chaff is to be discarded that the kernels may be clean and fit for storage. Each year we lead you into new fields of gleaning. Our Gleaner manual is our guide in gleaning; the calendar on page 4 is the compass which tells where to glean each Tuesday evening. This manual is prepared with a prayer in our hearts that it may prove of real worth and be a source of joy and inspiration to Gleaner leaders and girls. The price is 35c. We give a brief epitome of the 1933-34 program as contained in the Gleaner Manual. The first Tuesday of each month will be devoted to the Joint M Men-Gleaner program; second and third Tuesdays, manual discussions; fourth Tuesday, the Project.

Course of Study

THE Gleaner course of study is "Gleaning in the Field of Biography." (See Gleaner Manual, Part Two, pp. 107-184.) For sixteen evenings we will keep company with a few of those noble ones who have graced the history of the world. These biographies have been compiled and written by Clarissa A. Beesley. The first chapter is introductory to the course and should be read carefully and prayerfully by class leaders in order to give its contents to the Gleaner girls. In order to get the spirit of the whole course and to be able to make assignments intelligently, we urge leaders to read the entire course through before commencing class discussions. Sister Beesley has made these sketches most interesting for she has woven into them the story of the ambitions and accomplishments of the characters portrayed. We shall study four great teachers. Jesus takes His place at the head of our great teachers. *He is the great Teacher, the Master—the man who spake as no other.* We shall study and contemplate His life and works while in mortality. After that we shall study the lives of other leaders and we shall think of them as servants or messengers, working to create beauty or to dispense truth and thus further His plan for the progress and salvation of mankind. We shall study Mohammed, the great Arabian prophet and teacher; Joseph Smith, the Prophet-Teacher of this day and Mahatma Gandhi, the champion and spiritual leader of a numerous people. We shall consider two great artists, Michelangelo and Jean Francois Millet; two musicians, Mozart and Tschaikowsky; four men of letters, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, Robert Browning and Alfred, Lord Tennyson; three scientists, Pasteur, Lord Joseph Lister and Rontgen. These studies in biography will be brief but world-wide.

Projects

THE Project "I Will Gather Treasures of Truth" will be continued as our project. We have reprinted the instructions on this project and also the sample "Treasures of Truth" book. (See pp. 13-50.) We have also reprinted last year's "Outlines for Eight Class Discussions" on this project, thinking there may be some new groups organized which have not already had these discussions and we want them to have the benefit of them. We are giving outlines for eight new class discussions on "Gathering Treasures of Truth" to be used in wards which have taken up last year's discussions.

We feel that the project, "I will gather Treasures of Truth," should always be a part of the Gleaner organization, as much so as our name "Gleaners" or our insignia. We hope leaders and girls will not be satisfied until they have made a success of this project. In a few stakes unusual attention has been given to the project during the past three years. These stakes have requested an optional project. In these few stakes where the optional project will be used for class discussions, we ask that the girls still be encouraged and assisted to go on seeking and recording "treasures" for their books, and that at least once or twice during the year the project, "I will Gather Treasures of Truth," be featured in some way. (See instructions on page 51 of the Manual.) The optional project selected is a course in First Aid. Outlines for eight class discussions on this subject are printed in this manual (Chapter III, pp. 63-102) These lessons were compiled and written by Elsie Hogan.

Our Sheaf

I WILL read the Scriptures daily" has been chosen as our sheaf in order to bring more spirituality into our Gleaner program. We urge that Gleaner leaders, as well as the girls, read three or more verses of Scripture each day. On September 26, which is the last Tuesday in the month, the sheaf should be introduced. Each Tuesday thereafter leaders should encourage and stimulate the girls in the daily reading of the Scriptures. (See Chapter IV, p. 103, Manual.)

Testimony Meetings

ACCORDING to our calendar, page 4, the evenings of January 30 and May 29 are given to testimony meetings. Expressions from leaders and girls as to the personal benefits obtained from gathering "Treasures of Truth" and the reading, studying and memorization of Scripture should be the general theme of these evenings. Spirituality should dominate these meetings. (See p. 104, Manual.)

Books to Read

THIS year we shall spend time in reviewing some of the delightful reading course books of the past. On pp. 105-106, of the Manual, we give brief review of three books used in the past—"The Light in the Clearing," "The Crisis," "Bleak House." We review one new book, "As the Earth Turns," by Gladys Hasty Carroll. We do not urge the purchase of these books, but where they are obtainable, we know they will prove enjoyable as well as profitable reading material for our Gleaner girls.

Banquet

AFTER spending the afternoon in Zion Park the M Men and Gleaners from Zion Park Stake enjoyed a lovely banquet at the Springdale Ward chapel.

The banquet hall was cleverly decorated with gold and green.

Stake Gleaner Leader, Mrs. Glen Williams, and husband, acted as hostess and host.

President Claudius Hirschi acted as toastmaster during the banquet. A delightful program was presented.

Before serving the banquet get acquainted dances and games were enjoyed. After the banquet the remainder of the evennig was spent in dancing.

Brigham City First Ward Entertains

THE First Ward of Box Elder Stake held a very successful M Men and Gleaner Girls banquet and ball in the First Ward recreation hall. The hall and tables were beautifully decorated with flowers and guest favors of tiny bouquets made of colored candies. A delicious three course banquet prepared by the mutual officers and Gleaner Girls was served by a committee of Junior Girls.

The toastmistress used as her theme activities of Gleaner Girls and M Men; love-making, house-cleaning, spring-fever, etc.

After the tables were cleared the evening was spent in dancing.

Junior Girls

THIS is the season in which we contemplate the work ahead of us—past are vacations and lazy enjoyment of the warm summer days—and we realize that we must be up and doing. In Junior classes there is a new crop of girls—the Bee-Hive girls of last year—and they must be made welcome and given the feeling of belonging. Leaders will be studying programs and activities, and mapping out plans of campaign. Much lies in wait of joy and work and happy association.

The course of study for the new season (1933-34) is "Building a Life." It is not a new course, for it was given two years ago, but it contains truths and stimulating thoughts which ever will be new. Girls who come into the class this year, as well as those who came last, have not had the opportunity to become familiar with the material in the Junior manual, and it was felt that they should consider the subject, for it is a vital one to them, just at the age where they appreciate the fact that they must help to supervise and manage the building which is to be their life. Written by a number of well qualified individuals, the manual is inspiring and instructive, and will contribute to the growth and enjoyment of the leaders who study and teach it as well as the girls who listen and learn.

Projects for the year are two in number—a continuation of the delightful project of last year, "My Story—Lest I Forget," and Cultivating Culture. The first is for girls who have begun the book which is the story of a life, and wish to continue it, as well as those who may become newly interested; the second for those who choose a project other than one which necessitates keeping records and writing incidents. Both will be interesting and helpful, and if a Junior girl works with either or both she lays new foundations for lifelong satisfaction.

Department activities, as heretofore, will be the Travelogue, Question Box, and Story Telling, the last named to be their activity in the spring contests. Girls of 15 and 16 are eligible to Junior membership, and happy should be leaders called to associate with girls of this enchanting age. Leaders have a great responsibility in setting an example. May they fulfil it well!

Bee-Hive Girls

Dear Bee-Keepers:

WE are beginning another season's work, which we hope will bring joy and satisfaction to you and your Bee-Hive girls. Bee-Hive work will be a new experience for many of you, but a happy one if you will enter into it with the spirit of enthusiasm and a determination to succeed. One of the first requisites is to seek the guidance and spirit of our Heavenly Father. The voice of inspiration comes to those who are sincere. Preparation and study are essential to success, but it must be accompanied by His spirit. Have confidence in yourself; love your girls and cultivate a sympathetic understanding for each individual girl; love the Bee-Hive work and be enthusiastic about it. Harmonize your work and let sunshine radiate and penetrate all that you do. Be a real Bee-Hive girl yourself with your girls, make Bee-Hive a part of all you do. Seek knowledge from all good sources to enrich your experience and better qualify you for your responsibilities. Be glad and rejoice in the success of others, and particularly in the success and happiness of your Bee-Hive girls. To successfully carry on the Bee-Hive program, it is essential for every Bee-Keeper to have a Bee-Keeper's Book (which includes handbook) price 60c Young Ladies' Office, 33 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Each one of your girls should have the Bee-Hive Hand Book, price 25c. Take your Bee-Keeper's Book now, begin with page 1 and read to page 39, then turn to the Bee-Hive Hand Book at the back, and read pages 1 to 22 inclusive. Study the plan carefully and get a vision of the symbolism. Purchase and read also the Review of the Life of the Bee—General Board Office, price 15c. Prepare your guides at least one week in advance. In order that there may be uniformity in presenting the guides, we give herewith a calendar for the first three months for Nymphs, Builders and Gatherers. The calendar for succeeding months will appear in later issues of the *Era*.

Graduating Class, North Weber Stake, Ogden, Utah

Calendar

Nymphs:

Sept. 19th—Guide I—"Bees and Bee-Hive Girls."
Sept. 26th—Guide II—"How Hives and Cities Grow."
Oct. 3rd—Guide III—"Service in Bee-Hive and City."
Oct. 10th—Guide IV—"Hive and City Government."
Oct. 17th—Guide V—"Sanitation in Hive and City."
Oct. 24th—Guide VI—"Cleanliness and Order in Hive and City."
Oct. 31st—Guide VII—"Public Servants in Hive and City."
Nov. 7th—Open Night.
Nov. 14th—Guide VIII—"Cell Making and Home Building."
Nov. 21st—Guide IX—"Cell Making and Home Building."
Nov. 28th—Guide X—"Cell Making and Home Building."

Builders:

Sept. 19th—Guide I—"Plan of the Bee-Hive."
Sept. 26th—Guide II—"Trial Flights" (Probationary Requirements).
Oct. 3rd—Guide III—"The Builders' Purpose" and "Call of Womanhood." (Foundation Cells No. 1 and 2.)
Oct. 10th—Guide IV—"Scrap Books. Name and Symbol." (F. C. No. 3.)
Oct. 17th—Guide V—Name and Symbol (Continued—F. C. No. 3.)
Oct. 24th—Guide VI—Have Faith.
Oct. 31st—Guide VII—Seek Knowledge.
Nov. 7th—Guide VIII—Planned by Bee-Keepers and Girls.
Nov. 14th—Guide IX—The Word of Wisdom.
Nov. 21st—Guide X—Safeguard Health—Foods.
Nov. 28th—Guide XI—Safeguard Health—Rest and Exercise.

Gatherers:

Sept. 19th—Guide I—Preview.
Sept. 26th—Guide II—The Life Cycle According to the Gospel Plan. (Foundation Cell No. 2.)
Oct. 3rd—Guide III—A Practical Use of the Symbol. (F. C. No. 3.)
Oct. 10th—Guide IV—Open for Planning of Bee-Keepers and Girls.
Oct. 17th—Guide V—Know Work.
Oct. 24th—Guide VI—Food and Rest for Baby. (F. C. No. 5.)
Oct. 31st—Guide VII—Sterilizing Gauze—Home Emergency Cabinet. (Foundation Cell No. 6.)
Nov. 7th—Guide VIII—Open Night.
Nov. 14th—Guide IX—The Life of the Bee.
Nov. 21st—Guide X—Diet.
Nov. 28th—Guide XI—Family Meals. (F. C. No. 4.)

Swarm Days

NORTH WEBER STAKE: Swarm Day was held at the Ogden Third Ward Meeting House, and after a splendid program rendered by the Bee-Hive Girls and Stake Board members, certificates of graduation were presented to fifty girls. Refreshments were served to the graduates, their mothers, and the Stake Board members by the Stake Bee-Keepers.

Carbon Stake: At the Bee-Hive Swarm Day of Carbon Stake each Swarm had a booth beautifully decorated, having on display the work they had done during the winter—scrapbooks, pillow cases, symbols put to use and other forms of handwork. Following the judges' awards on handwork, a delightful program was given, featuring an address of welcome by the Stake Bee-Keeper, Prayer, Womanho Call, demonstration of The Spirit of the Hive, Builders' Purpose, Honey Gatherers' Song, demonstrations of the fields of Religion, Home, Health, Domestic Art, Out-of-Doors, Business and Public Service, a Song for Mothers, and the awarding of rank and certificates. Refreshments were served, the girls and their mothers, after a grand march, formed a great Bee-Hive to sing "The Call of Womanhood" and the program was concluded by prayer.

Shelley Stake: Swarm Day drew a large attendance, and a fine program was presented, with exhibitions of scrap-books and contest in handcraft being featured. Sixteen essays on "Symbolism" were entered, and a delightful program, followed by a lunch served to one hundred twenty-five capped the climax of a successful and beautiful occasion.

Cassia Stake: Swarm Day was a most delightful affair this year, consisting of a program, including a play of the Fields and the Spirit of the Hive, display of handwork and cooking, essays on Symbolism, and making of awards. We have enjoyed the work immensely and feel that the Swarm Day was a great success.

Aim

By Lois Anderson

I SHALL plant a tree
Before my house
To grow,
And watch it push its way
Through dark brown earth,
And so
When I am old
I can look out
And see
That in my youth
I gave to earth
A tree.

Boy Scouts

Troop 134, Los Angeles Council

TO the Los Angeles Branch of the Mexican Mission came Elder James D. Cox, a young missionary from Idaho. This missionary brought with him a desire to preach the gospel to the boys of the Mission through Scouting. Permission from President Antoine Ivins was granted for the organization of a Scout Troop. The parents of the boys objected as they thought that it would be the training of their sons to become soldiers, as soldiers wore uniforms. Many meetings and gatherings were held with the parents to prove to them that the Scout movement was a training in citizenship and the training of the boy for a better opportunity in manhood, and a program of character-development for the boys to teach to each other in groups. With this as a key, they gave their consent.

During the summer months the boys were away from home and the branch. Elder Cox, knowing that some of the boys did not speak English and for them it would be very difficult to learn Scouting from the Scout handbook, obtained a large piece of canvas and drew all the interesting things of Scouting including the boy in full uniform, all the Scout badges, a Scout knife, rope, and all of the merit badges in colors. When the boys returned in the fall, they were enthusiastic in the movement from seeing it in pictures.

Each boy was told of what it took to register the troop and what they would have to do to become Tenderfoot Scouts.

The Troop was registered on October 30 with eight boys, two committeemen, and two assistant Scoutmasters, all Mexicans. Elder Cox serves as the Scoutmaster and President Ivins as Chairman of the Troop Committeemen. To date the troop has 23 registered Scouts in the ranks of Tenderfoot and Second Class.

Weekly hikes are taken to different parts. This week's hike took them to U. S. S. F. Constitution (Old Ironsides); each part of the boat was explained to the boys and why it has been preserved by the Government. While at the harbor the Troop was taken to the Battleship Utah for comparison.

To these Scouts their Scoutmaster is the best, for he is giving these boys the information and activities they desire. The boys of the troop represent seven different churches and the desire this young missionary had when he first came into the field is being realized—the boys are better church goers and they are being advanced more rapidly in the Priesthood.

History of Troop Six, Santa Monica

THE troop was first organized in April, 1930, but the charter giving us the authority to function under National Headquarters supervision was not obtained until May, 1930.

Prior to this the sponsors of our

Troop Six, Santa Monica

troop, the Santa Monica Ward, had some difficulty in obtaining a suitable Scout Master. Finally Mr. Norris C. Weight was obtained for the job, and has "reigned" over Good Old Six as a very successful leader. At the time of the organizing, we had some six or seven boys in the troop, all of which were tenderfoots except Scout Roger Wood, a transfer from a Midwestern troop. He received his Eagle a few months after joining our troop.

All the boys received their tenderfoots, and we were under way to do big things. With the great help of the Ward, we built us a cabin in a part of Red Rock Canyon Topanga. After this we had no trouble in obtaining new recruits for our organization. We took many overnight hikes to Topanga, and accomplished many advancements in the lines of Merit Badges and Tests.

A year after organization we had a regular attendance of about twenty-eight uniformed scouts. About sixty percent being first class. We had accomplished many things, such as contest awards, and planned good turns. We also had organized four patrols and a Junior Officer Staff. About this time, Mr. Frank Pudney of the Troop Committee was officially designated as Assistant Scout Master of the troop. He was well liked by the boys and was given the lasting nickname of "Pop."

In January, Ted Beck received his Eagle badge, being a little over thirteen years of age and the first to complete all the tests in the troop.

In the summer of 1931 we had seven boys at the Catalina Island Scout Camp, of which four received good campers badges.

Fathers and sons enjoying a ball game, Camp Kootenay, Waterton Lakes Park, Canada.

The troop had been advancing rapidly and we conceived the idea that it would be an unique accomplishment if we could have twelve scouts, including the Scout Master and Assistant, receive the greatest, highest, and most honorable award, the Eagle Scout Badge. We had some fifteen scouts who had attained the rank of First Class Scouts and were ready for Merit Badges. Every meeting we would meet in a room aside from our regular meeting hall, and work and work hard on Merit Badges. Some boys got six or seven all at the same Court of Honor. We did this for a year, and in December, 1932, we had eleven scouts ready to receive their Eagle Awards. One interesting feature of this was the fact that Scout Master Weight and Clyde Weight, father and son, received their Eagle Awards at the same time.

On January 21, 1933, we broke some records by having eleven out of twenty-two boys receive their Eagles at the same time. These boys are, as they appear in the picture: Left to right, back row: Asst. Scout Master Frank Pudney, Ted Holman, Clyde Weight, Bill Anderson, Jack Doman, Scout Master Norris C. Weight. Front row: Kelly Smith, Ted Beck, Warren Gill, Martin Baxter, Marshall Maynard. (One Eagle Scout, Billy Haun, was absent when this picture was taken.)

We accomplished these things, and won the Trail of the Eagle attendance banner for 1931-1932.

Scout Master Weight received his Scout Master's Key, the second one awarded in the Crescent Bay Council, on April 7, 1933, Court of Honor.

We are now entering Sea Scouting, and intend to do the same thing in this line of scouting as we have done in the past.

Throughout all we had the loyal support of the Santa Monica Ward and the Troop Committee.

The Beloved Cinderella

Continued from page 652

thing. Blanchard's a widower, no children of his own there!"

"How do you know?" Star laughed at her, teasing.

Mrs. Binney nodded her head with a cryptic look. "I know! Anyhow, I'm goin' down that way—want to sniff th' salt air, I reckon. You come along, Star."

"But there's Pap down by the pond—let's make him go, too."

MRS. BINNEY caught her arm. "No! You let Pap alone—I want to talk to you, child. Pap's losin' money right along; he's all snarled up, an' I'm goin' to try an' pick him out, make him put in a sody-fountain. Seems like everybody picks him; if a kid comes in for a penny's worth of candy Pap gives him a nickel's worth an' pats his head! There won't be a penny left if he keeps on goin' th' way he has. If I only could get some gumption into him, I'd—."

"Oh, I wouldn't have him changed!" Star cried. "And you wouldn't either, Mother Binney; you're only pretending to find fault. Pap's as good as gold!"

"That's true as gospel, but it ain't good business," Mrs. Binney snapped, and then a strange mood came over her. "I'd never dare to tell Pap—not if I was goin' to commit a crime, I wouldn't!" she muttered.

Star's sweet laughter made a little ripple of music in the dusk. "As if you could commit a crime, Mother Binney!"

"There ain't no tellin'," replied Mrs. Binney soberly, and stopped short, peering ahead of her with short-sighted eyes. "What's that down th' road there—those two tall white things?" she gasped.

Star laughed softly. "The two white stone pillars at the gate, Mother. It's Windymere."

"Humph!" Mrs. Binney peered over the wall. "A kind of nice place to live in, Star. How'd you like to live there an' have all that—automobiles an' yachts an' lovely dresses?"

Star did not answer; she was looking intently at the lovely vista of an Italian garden.

Mrs. Binney peered anxiously into her absorbed young face.

"How'd you like it all, honey, for your very own?" she asked wistfully.

"Oh!" Star drew a long breath, "I'd love it!"

There was a silence, as shadowless to Star as the twilight. Then she was startled by Mrs. Binney's hand on her arm.

"You wait here, Star, I'm goin' in. I've—I've got a message to deliver."

"Why not take me along?" Star began, but Mrs. Binney had already started down the driveway, walking fast.

"I wonder what in the world is the matter with her?" Star thought. "I never saw her so odd!"

Then she forgot Mrs. Binney. The sweetness of the roses filled the air; there was a spell about the place and the hour. To Star it was a kind of fairyland. Her life had been so simple, a little adopted child in the old shop on Fishkill Point Road; she was not covetous of wealth, she was too simple and wholesome for that, but these roses—she stretched up on tiptoe, failed to reach one and jumped for it. Too high! She failed, coming down softly on her feet, laughing.

"Let me get it for you—" the voice was at her elbow.

Star startled violently and looked around into the eyes of the young man who had seen her riding MacDonald's old black mule. For a moment she was vexed, then she laughed softly.

"I wish you would—I was going to steal it, anyway!"

He reached it easily. How tall he was! She took it, blushing beautifully.

"Thank you!" She was demure now.

"I've come for you," he said gravely; "Mr. Blanchard sent me. Mrs. Binney is with him now."

Star raised startled eyes. "Mrs. Binney? Has—anything happened?" She thought Mrs. Binney must have been run over by an automobile in the grounds. "Is she hurt?" she cried.

"No, she's quite well," he assured her, "and she said you were to come at once. Mr. Blanchard wants to see you."

Star looked perplexed. "He doesn't know me!" she exclaimed. "Please—please, what is it?" Then something in young Nelson's serious face frightened her. "Oh, please tell me!"

"Don't be frightened; it isn't anything to frighten you, it's good news!" he drew her hand through his arm and led her between the two tall gate-posts.

It was almost dark now, but the little lights began to twinkle here and there, amidst the shadowing trees. Star did not know what it meant, or why she was going up the white marble steps and across the terrace, but she found herself in a big room, where soft circles of light from shaded lamps sent fantastic shadows upward on lofty ceilings. She stood still, she was surely in a dream! Then she saw a familiar stubby figure in an old brown wool dress and that funny hat that Mother Binney always wore on Sundays. Suddenly Star wanted to laugh. Poor dear Mrs. Binney, how she looked beside that big gray headed man who sat at the table opposite! The man who was looking now, not at Mrs. Binney, but at Star herself. He spoke and his voice sounded harsh to the startled girl.

"Bring her here, Nelson," he said imperatively.

Star drew back; her heart began to beat in her throat. Something was going to happen! She had felt it. She was frightened now; she dragged her hand from Nelson's kind, reassuring grasp.

"Please come a little nearer," he said gently, for her alone. "Don't be afraid, it's good news!"

She let him take her hand again and lead her into the circle of light where Mrs. Binney stood.

"Mother!" Star whispered.

But Mrs. Binney did not answer; she was biting in and her face was queer and white and blotched.

Mr. Blanchard rose from the table, tall, imposing, a little pompous.

"This—" he glanced at Mrs. Binney—"this lady has just told me your story," he said to Star, "and—" he touched a package on the table with an unsteady hand—"she's brought proofs. I'm glad to tell you," his voice broke a little as he looked at the slim young creature with the shining hair, "you—the fact is, my dear, you're my daughter."

"No—no!" Star gasped. Then she turned, bewildered, seeing only a blur in the beautiful room. "Mother Binney—what does he mean?" she cried.

"It's—it's what he says, dearie, it—." Mrs. Binney choked and swallowed hard.

"Your daughter?" the girl looked up at him and whitened to her lips.

Blanchard, deeply touched, nodded. He could not speak, and the girl seemed to waver. She stretched out a helpless hand, and, just in time Nelson caught her in his arms. For the first time in her strong young life Star had fainted.

Beside the Rock Creek, Wyoming

II

VAGUELY, Star began to be aware of voices; they seemed far off at first. Someone was fanning her. The thick lashes lifted and the gray eyes opened slowly.

"What—happened?" she whispered, only half roused. "Did I fall off Tex, Pap?"

"She'll be all right in a moment now!"

A voice that she did not recognize! Star's eyes opened wide and she raised herself on her elbow. She was lying on a lounge and another girl was fanning her briskly. Star's startled gaze met dark smouldering eyes, a rich colored face, glossy brown hair and an astonishingly lovely gown. Where was she? Then she remembered. She sat up weakly and pushed the golden hair out of her eyes, looking at the girl.

"You're very good — please don't fan me any more, I'm all right," she gasped. "Where's—" she looked around vaguely at the room and saw no one she knew—"where's Mother Binney?"

"Right here, dearie." The voice was thick and shaky, so unnatural, indeed, that Star turned and looked at the speaker.

Mrs. Binney looked old and flabby and her eyes blinked. She did not dare to put these strangers aside and hold Star in her arms; she could only swallow hard, her chin shaking.

"Here—drink a little water, my child," Mr. Blanchard suggested gravely, taking a glass from the tray the butler had just brought.

Star rose unsteadily to her feet. "Thank you," she said gently, "I don't need it. I—I think I'll go home now—" and she turned toward Mrs. Binney.

But Blanchard intervened. "You don't understand," he said gravely. "This is your home, your name is Mary Agnes Blanchard, you are to stay here tonight—and always! I'm your father," he added, as an afterthought, too absorbed in his study of the pale young face, the startled eyes and the lovely, shining, touseled head to know exactly what to do himself. For a railroad magnate and a successful business man, J. C. Blanchard felt incredibly awkward.

The girl, backing away from him, stretched out a wavering hand, found Mrs. Binney's plump familiar arm and clung to it.

"I don't understand," she faltered; "please tell me!"

Mr. Blanchard cast a severe look upon Mrs. Binney. "You should have told her beforehand," he said sternly.

Mrs. Binney, whose chin was still wobbly, tried ineffectually to make up for her delinquency.

"She knows about bein' left in th' grass by th' barn, sir," she began, in a flustered voice. "I—I didn't tell anybody about this—this—I mean about Pharcellus. You see, he didn't tell me until th' night he died."

"That horrible man?" Star's hand tightened on her arm. "Why, Mother Binney, he was thrown out of an automobile by accident. Pap took him in because he was so hurt—he couldn't have known about me!"

"You were stolen, my child," Mr. Blanchard explained kindly. "It appears now that when pursuit was hot, one of the gang, that very man who died at Mrs. Binney's house, dropped you behind their barn. He seems to have come back there to find out how things were—mainly, I presume, because I recently offered another reward for any news of my daughter, alive or dead. The accident—an automobile crushed him, I believe—prevented action on his part. But he told this—good woman, and she came to me. I took this place here for the season, took it just as Phar—par—what was his name, madam?"

Mrs. Binney swallowed hard. "Pharcellus, sir."

"Just as he died," Mr. Blanchard ended.

THERE was a little silence. In it they heard Star draw a quick breath like a sigh. They were standing now in a semi-circle about her, Blanchard in the center, his niece, flushed, grave, not pleased with it all, on his left, young Nelson at his right, and hovering, interested but respectful, the butler with his tray. Star let go of Mrs. Binney's arm and moved waveringly forward. She looked about the beautiful room, bewildered; then the color came back into her face and she lifted wondering eyes.

"Is it—does this all—" she hesitated—"is this my home?"

Blanchard smiled. "It certainly is, Mary Agnes Blanchard, and I'm your father. Have you nothing to say to me?"

"Oh!" cried Star softly, looking up at him, her face quivering. "What have I to say? I—I'm so bewildered. You see, I don't know you, but if you're my father—"

Blanchard drew her gently into his arms. "I am certainly your father," he assured her, "and I'll have to manage to reconcile you to it! Etta," he turned to the dark girl in yellow, "hadn't you better take your cousin upstairs now?"

"Oh, but I'd like to go home—to go back with Mother Binney first," Star faltered; there was something in Etta's smouldering dark eyes that was unfriendly. "I'd—."

Flight

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

WHY did she leave?
I only know
That the candles were out
And the stars swung low.

Where did she go?
I can but say
That she laughed and fled
Through the dews away.

What does she seek?
To me it seems
She would be finding
Her secret dreams.

What will she find
Beyond the years?
Beauty waiting
To dry her tears.

"Yes, I know!" Mr. Blanchard cut her short; he had the quick, incisive way of the successful business man, "but I'd like you to dine with us. I presume you're willing to do that for me, my dear?"

Star assented, but her eyes filled suddenly; she wanted Pap Binney. Pap would know just how she felt! Then suddenly she met young Nelson's eyes. She went over to him quickly; he seemed almost like an old friend here.

"Please ask about Mother Binney—isn't she to stay here, too, for dinner?" she faltered, looking appealingly at Blanchard.

But he was already dismissing poor flustered Mrs. Binney.

"I'll see you tomorrow, madam," he said gravely. "The reward—my secretary here, Mr. Nelson, will see to that; I'll pay it all to you."

Mrs. Binney gasped, her round face crimsoned. "I won't take it, sir, not a cent! I—" her chin shook forlornly, "I just want to see Star happy!" she sobbed aloud.

Star, half way to the door with Etta, turned and ran back.

"Oh, Mother—Father," she choked on the word, "let me go back with her now!"

He shook his head, laying a firm hand on her arm, while John Nelson led the weeping Mrs. Binney out.

JOHN had a feeling of exultation; without reason he was glad that he had accepted Blanchard's offer of work to tide him over. He had intended to continue his study of law, but he had needed money to complete his self-imposed course, and now—it was luck that had made him take the work here! He was so self-absorbed that he was startled when Mrs. Binney stumbled.

"Let me help you," he exclaimed with contrition.

"You ain't got any call to put me out!" Mrs. Binney sobbed. "I'm goin' just as fast as I can!"

John came down from the clouds.

"I'm sure you can't think as badly of us as that!" he said gravely. "I know Mr. Blanchard is grateful. He's searched for his daughter all these years. It's a great relief to know that, all this time, she's been safe with you!"

"He didn't say anything in particular," Mrs. Binney went on,

ignoring the interruption, "but I've never been told so plain before to—to get out! I want he should know I'm Mrs. Elisha Binney, an' I'm a church member. I'm respectable, I ain't just—just mud!" she panted, climbing down the marble steps of the imposing terrace. "No, I ain't goin' home in one of his automobiles, young man, I'm goin' to walk! And I don't want company either. Goodnight."

John Nelson stood still, stunned by the unexpected explosion, and watched until the stout, middle-aged figure disappeared into the shrubbery by the gate. He had an impression that Mrs. Binney had gone suddenly mad, and he did not know that she stopped the other side of a bank of blooming laurel and shed bitter, frightened tears.

"I hadn't ought t' have done it!" she sobbed to herself. "He's a stuck-up old piece of hard cash an' th' child won't ever be happy if he can help it! I wish I hadn't. I wish—" she choked back her tears and peered through the laurel at the great house.

The thought of the luxury she had seen there began to take the edge off her resentment at Blanchard's cavalier treatment. She did her wet handkerchief up into a ball and mopped her swollen eyes with it.

"I couldn't have done any better for her—not that I can see!" She sobbed less violently now. "Maybe he's only got that yeast-risen manner for outsiders—he put his arm around Star real kind an' fatherly. Anyhow—" she sobbed again—"Pap's losing money, there ain't anything for th' child—Jordan's a hard road—Lord!" she jumped violently. "I kinder felt as if there was something in those bushes right now—I'll go home! Seems as if I could see Pharcellus starin' at me—." She shivered, dodged past the white stone gateposts and fled.

"I can't help it!" she cried over and over again, in the dark shadows of the lane. "I've given her everything; now—I—I'm glad I did it!"

SHE had her hand on the back door of the old shop when she stopped again, staring at the time-worn panels with breathless dismay. She had to tell Pap! It was a long moment before she lifted the latch and plunged in.

Mr. Binney was sitting in the little back room, reading the newspaper. The light from the old lamp fell full on his round face and the scanty lock of white hair stood up on top of his head. Mrs. Binney, who was holding the door open with a hand that began to shake again, had never seen him look so old and so worn.

"It's that mortgage," she thought, and winked back tears. "If only I could take that reward—but I can't! Land end, I ain't as bad as that!"

"You ain't as bad as what?" Pap looked around at her.

She did not know that she had spoken out loud and his question startled her; she sat down weakly.

"Where's Star?" Mr. Binney asked.

"Up t' Blanchard's." Ma was laconic.

Pap laid his paper across his knee and looked at her.

"What in Sam Hill have you been cryin' about?" he asked finally.

Brokenly, disjointedly, with hard sobs choked down, Mrs. Binney told him.

"Pharcellus had th' clothes an' the locket an' everything; there wasn't a thing missing—Mr. Blanchard looked em' all over careful. Star's there now, his daughter! Pharcellus, he come down here to get th' reward—that's what he told me th' day he died, an'—." Mrs. Binney stopped for breath, and then she sobbed. "It's happened so—Star's got everything! It's like a story-book 'Lisha, I—it just kinder made me cry t' think of how—how fine it all is for her. Ain't it wonderful, Pap?" she added, nervously appealing.

Pap was silent.

"Sittin' there like a frozen image," she thought angrily, "an' just listenin'!"

The silence was so thick that it seemed to choke her; she looked around at him, sniffing violently.

"Ain't it grand for our little Star?" she demanded.

Mr. Binney made no reply in words; he rose slowly, put on his coat and began reaching for his hat. His wife watched him, her eyes round with sudden dismay.

"Pap, what are you goin' t' do?"

"Do?" Mr. Binney stood still and stared at her, his broad face exceedingly pale. "I'm a-goin' right up there. How d'you know but what Pharcellus was lyin'? You hadn't any business to go an' do it, Maggie Binney! That man, Pharcellus—" Pap spat out the word—"I ain't a mite surprised he was a kidnapper; looked to me like he'd hopped right out of Sing Sing. But you went an' took his word for it!"

MRS. BINNEY was trembling again, her chin shaking so violently that her teeth fairly chattered. "Pap, what you goin' t' do?" she asked brokenly. "Mr. Blanchard went over th' papers an' th' clothes an' everything. He says Star's his daughter. An' he's rich—my goodness, that house—an' it's Star's—our little Star's!"

"I'm goin' to find out if it's all straight an' square!" cried Pap, breathing hard, "I ain't goin' to let you be imposed on an' then take in some other folks—not meaning to, of course, Ma. Star—why, Star's my little gal. I'm goin' right there now—soon as I get my hat."

Mrs. Binney caught his arm and clung to it, weeping.

"Pap!"

He looked down at her, relenting. "It ain't your fault if you were took in, Ma," he said kindly, "but—it's up to me."

"Pap, it ain't up to you!" she cried. "It's Star's. She's there an'—she's happy, she's got her own father."

"Her own father?" Mr. Binney stood still. His arm fell at his side, the old hat dropped to the floor unheeded, his face lost its color, his eyes stared. "Why, ain't I her daddy? She'll miss me—my little Star!" His voice broke suddenly; he choked. "Ma, I can't believe

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"She's a rich man's daughter, Pap; we can't give her anything. It ain't right t' interfere. Th' papers an' th' locket an' th' dress —" Mrs. Binney gasped—"oh, Pap, she'll be so happy an' safe an' well cared for—it ain't right for you to butt in!"

Pap stared at her; the hand that he had laid on her shoulder tightened its grip, it almost made her wince.

"Star happy there! Didn't she want to come home?" he asked tremulously.

Mrs. Binney was trembling now, but she shook her head vigorously. "She wanted all those things, Pap. She's just a girl; she's got a right to be happy an' rich an' beautiful!"

Pap weakened. Slowly his grim purpose relaxed; he sank into a chair, staring in front of him. "Didn't she say nothin'—anythin' about me?" he asked hoarsely.

"Why, 'Lisha, she's got her own father, just found him!" Mrs. Binney cried reprovingly. "Ain't that enough—her own father?"

Mr. Binney stared at her a moment in silence. His chin dropped; he looked ten years older. He turned his eyes away from his wife's and stared blankly at the wallpaper in front of him; it had been there the morning he had brought the little foundling into the house in his arms. He could still see the sun shining on her little yellow head — little Stargrass. Suddenly he struck his hand on the table.

"Maybe I shan't go tonight, but —father or no father—I'm goin' first thing in th' mornin'. If it ain't all regular an'—an' she ain't happy there, I'm goin' to bring her straight home!" he cried hoarsely.

OUR earth life is but one stage in the course of the soul's eternal progress, a link connecting the eternities past with the eternities yet to come. The purpose of our mortal probation is that of education, training, trial, and test, whereby we demonstrate whether we will obey the commandments of the Lord our God and so lay hold of the boundless opportunities of advancement in the eternal worlds, or elect to do evil and forfeit the boon of citizenship in the kingdom of heaven.—*James E. Talmage* of the Council of the Twelve.

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More Precious Than Rubies

Continued from page 662

comforted. "If she married a wealthy fellow, she owes that much to you."

"No, she knows I would never do that except as a last resort. We have talked about that. Much as I love her, and much as I know she loves me, I value my independence too much to give up a home of my own, if it's only one room."

"Well, I must say," Mrs. Hughes helped herself to her fourth sandwich, "you're a queer one. Most people would be glad to have things given to them for a change."

At last the salad and sandwiches and jelly-roll were all consumed. Mrs. Hughes rose regretfully.

"Now you just put this foolishness about adopting a baby out of your mind," she admonished. "I don't think you ought to work yourself to death over that girl, either. She'll be fed and taken care of. You've worked hard enough. Come and sit with us whenever you're lonesome."

Martha smiled vaguely. She felt a little too tired to keep arguing the point. But her mind was made up. She wouldn't be sitting down resting with the Hugheses.

That night before she went to bed she counted the change in the worn brown purse. It wouldn't go far. But there were little inexpensive gifts that might gladden the girl's heart. She mustn't be alone and without things as if nobody cared. She was so young—why, she couldn't be any older than Olive herself. A few little gifts and a stewing hen that would make rich nourishing broth and some fruit.

Early the next morning Martha again donned the blue silk dress, and slipped the cheap little red-stoned ring on her finger. After one day's vacation, she was again on her way to the hospital. But this time she entered the front door, the visitors' door, and walked sedately up the front stairs.

THE usual indifferent stillness characterized Ward C where Ethel lay. Her face was turned to the wall, away from the tiny bundle beside her. Martha stepped up close to the cot and pulled aside the coarse faded blanket that had fallen across the baby's face. There would be a soft new blanket tomorrow. Pink. Pink blankets had always been a little more appealing to Martha than blue ones.

"Ethel."

The touseled head on the pillow turned wearily. "Oh, it's you," indifferently.

"I've come to see if I can take you home with me for awhile."

"Home?" The vacant stare in the young-old eyes modulated to a glimmer of faint interest. "Home?" she repeated.

"Home." Martha tried to suppress the eagerness in her voice. "Just you and the baby and I. We'll have chicken broth and noodles and good rich milk to coax you back to health. I want you to stay with me until you are strong and well again."

"Home." The tired voice repeated the word, seeming not to be able to grasp its meaning. "It's been—so long—since I've had—a home."

The baby began to whimper and Martha picked it up and soothed it gently in her arms. A fierce joy went through her as the whimpering subsided. It took so little to soothe this poor little waif. And what little it took she, Martha, could give. Through with service? Not while this wild surge of satisfaction for a little love, a little giving, could course through her veins.

"Why—are you good—to me?" Ethel had wearily shifted her position so that she could face Martha. "I'm not—worth it."

"You're worth it to me." Martha looked straight into the dull blue eyes. "I need to do things for you just as you need what little I can offer you. Remember that. I need you. I'm going to talk to the superintendent now," she added gently. "I'm going to make arrangements to take you home with me tomorrow."

The superintendent, however, shook her head in disapproval. "She isn't in any condition to move. She hasn't made any progress at all. She's so—so totally indifferent. Doesn't seem to want to live."

So Martha had to change her plans. Instead of making the flat cozy for the visitors, she would spend the next day and the next and many days to come by Ethel's cot in the hospital.

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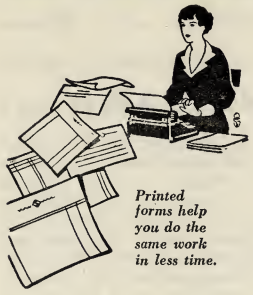

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ON the way home she bought warm blue slippers and a box of candy for Ethel, with red tissue paper to wrap them in and a bow of red satin ribbon to make them look more festive. For the baby, she bought a warm fluffy blanket, pink with white teddy bears on it. The baby would love those teddy bears when she was older. Then she stopped at the market and bought a fat hen and fresh eggs to stir up a plain cake.

The rest of the day fairly flew. There was so much to be done and so much joy in doing it. Even the outside world changed as if to match the joy in Martha's heart. Great fleecy snowflakes changed the dull gray air to a mantle of glistening brilliance and heaped on the bare ground a feathery mantle. Smoke from the factories curled defiantly high in the air and disappeared harmlessly in the distant horizon.

Toward evening a messenger brought a happy surprise. There was a registered letter and small package from Olive. Martha knew it was a belated Christmas gift for she and Olive had not bought each other gifts this year but had planned to use the money instead for Olive's return trip. She opened the package first with an instinctive longing to save the message till last.

There were folds and folds of tissue bound by a blood-red satin ribbon. It looked so festive. Martha's heart was beating like a trip hammer. What could it contain? When she had unwrapped the last tissue fold and had opened the tiny box inside she caught her breath in sheer rapture at the wonder she saw.

Against a contrasting bed of white silk, the warm red fire of a magnificent stone gleamed up at her! Olive hadn't forgotten. She had always wanted Mother to have a ruby. With a little gasp of happiness Martha slipped the ring on her finger.

She held up her hand reflectively to admire the ruby's magnificence. At first she did not understand the keen sense of disappointment she experienced. The warm red glow was just as intense. The beauty, the splendor, the wonder of it was just as magnificent. But—there was something wrong.

SORROWFULLY she let the significance of it sink into her consciousness. It didn't belong on her finger! Precious as rubies are, they must have the proper setting. Tenderly she laid it back on the nest of silk.

Then she started to open the letter. But an impulse stopped her. She had had the joy of receiving the ruby today. Why not save the intimate written visit with Olive until tomorrow? Perhaps there would be some part of it that would bring a little cheer to Ethel. She would read it while she was at the hospital.

Once more she opened the ring box and gazed long and proudly at the jewel it contained. Then she placed it in the drawer of her dresser with the few treasures she possessed.

The letter she tucked into the pocket of her coat. It would make the morrow a little brighter to have Olive's letter to read.

The next day dawned bright and glistening. There was a song in Martha's heart as she cooked the cereal for her breakfast. The song remained all the time she washed the dishes and put the flat to rights and while she combed her graying hair and slipped on the blue silk dress. When she was ready she took the ring-box from the dresser drawer and slipped the ruby on her roughened finger. A few minutes she left it there. Then slowly, sadly she drew it off and returned it to its box. It just wouldn't be right, some way, to wear it today. It would be like flaunting her splendor in poor little Ethel's face. A few minutes of regret she allowed herself. Then the song bubbled back in her heart. If she could coax a little hope into those dull blue eyes on the hospital cot, this day would be a happy one.

But there was not even recognition in Ethel's eyes when Martha reached the Ward, carrying the gifts she had wrapped so happily the day before. During the night Ethel had taken a turn for the worse, her fever had come up, and she lay now a tossing burning heap of agonizing humanity.

The nurse shook her head as she administered to her. "It's her indifference. If she wanted to live, she could pull out of this."

Martha brought the baby from the nursery and wrapped the new pink blanket about the tiny form and held it tight against her breast. What would happen to the poor

little waif if Ethel died? What would happen to it if she lived? Someone could give it clothes and food. But it needed love. It had a right to love, Martha told herself fiercely. Every child did.

Suddenly a great yearning rose within her to take this child and mother it, give it the love and care to which it was entitled. If only she had a little money to insure its being properly cared for. But she had used almost everything she had and now that she had given up her job, she might have trouble finding another. In that case, she *wouldn't* be able to give the baby what it needed. No, she didn't have any right to take it unless she knew she could provide for it. Sorrowfully she repeated that over and over to herself. She *didn't* have the right.

QUIETLY she sat and held the baby for a long, long time. She could do nothing for Ethel. The poor child was slipping away, rapidly and without a struggle. Not a glimmer of recognition for the woman who yearned so to help her. Not a glance for her baby who lay snug and warm against Martha's breast. In a little while it was over. The huddled little form lay still. Martha felt as if some part of herself had slipped away into the great beyond. Softly she uttered a prayer and tears ran unheeded down her cheeks.

It was only when the tiny black-haired baby had been orphaned for an hour or more and Martha still sat cradling it lovingly in her arms, that she remembered Olive's letter. That precious letter that she had saved in the hope that it might bring some cheer to Ethel. She opened it slowly, almost dreading to expose the happiness it must contain to the bleak presence of death.

But with the first lines a dull glow of joy crept over her that grew in intensity until it consumed her with its volume. Olive had written: "For the first time in my life, Mother dear, I have the opportunity to repay you for the love you have showered on me. I'm sending you the ruby, dear. I've always wanted to give you one. Charles sends the check and wants me to assure you that there will be one for you each month. You are to do absolutely as you please with the money, Mother. Get a nice

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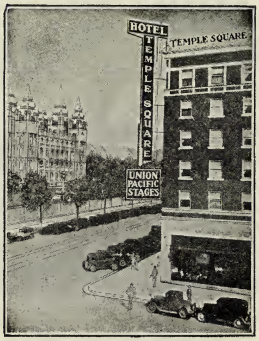

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apartment, furnish it well, buy yourself clothes, or whatever you wish."

"Whatever you wish." They had dreamed of a better place to live—she and Olive. They had planned how they would furnish it. She would like pretty clothes —yes. She loved the ruby. But there was something more precious than nice apartments and clothes and rubies.

"Whatever you wish." Martha leaned over and kissed the tiny head on her arm. "I guess we can manage now to give you what a baby needs," she whispered tenderly.

The Spirit and the Body

Continued from page 666

shifted, steering mechanism comes into action, and the machine takes on a *purposeful existence.* In the course of time, parts wear out or some major break occurs in the mechanism and the machine will no longer function coordinately. Man steps out of it to seek more ready means of travel, and its intelligent activity is for the time being at an end. Disintegration of the metals, woods, and fabrics soon begins; but there need be no breaking down of the intelligence which directed the organism. Quite to the contrary, we should expect there enrichment and development growing out of the relationship and resulting experiences. Is it too far-fetched to presume that relationship of man's intelligence to his body may be a similar one?

In the field of physiology there are many fragments of knowledge bearing upon this problem. Among these are such observations as that no brain center has yet been found for consciousness. This seems to depend upon certain coordinate inter-activity of many areas in the complete brain mechanism. It has been thought that the large frontal lobes of the cerebrum were mainly the seat of man's intellectual powers, yet a massive abscess may occur in this location without in any measureable way impairing mental activity. Should such a lesion develop in any brain area chiefly concerned with some definite single function, profound disturbance is quickly evident.

To assume, as the Behaviorists do, that thought is only the result of physical and chemical molecular processes taking place within the brain tissues seems quite too puerile, even if one knew or believed nothing pertaining to life after death. Should we accept such a theory, how may we explain the fact that identical twins, born through the same travail of the same mother, reared in the same household, attending the same schools and having every contact similar, almost invariably develop personalities so widely at variance with each other that scarcely any likeness seems to exist between them. Certainly one might be justified, if this theory were at all tenable, in assuming that uniform impulses would govern their actions and thoughts, since even their chromosomes originated from the same cell. Actually, one may become a great intellect, and the other only a mediocre thinker: or one may become a prominent citizen in the community, and the other a human derelict. Then too, how may such a belief hope to account for a Beethoven, a Michelangelo Buonarrotti, an Abraham Lincoln, a George Washington, a Brigham Young, as compared with the rest of us? It requires more than variation of food intake and environment to produce genius.

CHEMICAL analysis yields the same identical ingredients in the same proportions, from the brain of the great thinker as from that of the day laborer whose intellectual flights are delimited by the columns of a Sunday newspaper. Where then is knowledge stored? The brain cells show no variation, even in amount of protoplasm, to account for its acquisition. Corpses are strikingly alike: living human beings are eternally dissimilar. This infinite variation, this unfailing singleness of personality is not explicable in any purely physical science or principle. It can only be appreciated in the light of a divine provision for individual ego which quite transcends the materialistic.

Many questions may be propounded to increase our confusion when we are in doubt; and especially does this apply in the eternal query as to what awaits us at the end of mortality. Submitting ourselves to worry only deepens the perplexity, and makes us forget that it is not our task at once to settle this problem for the world. We forget too that egotism is the whole kernel of atheism, and that a humble, open minded attitude, founded upon sincerity and integrity of soul, will eventually resolve the troublesome question into a comforting philosophy of life. Then indeed may we quote with confidence that terse description set forth in the Doctrine and Covenants, section 77, verse 2:

"* * * in describing heaven, the paradise of God, the happiness of man, and of beasts, and of creeping things, and of the fowls of the air; that which is spiritual being in the likeness of that which is temporal; and that which is temporal in the likeness of that which is spiritual; the spirit of man in the likeness of his person, as also the spirit of the beast, and every other creature which God has created."

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"THIS is a splendid world to live in; you will never have a better one until you make it.

"God has placed all the materials here of which Heaven is made; go to work upon them if heaven you hope for."—*J. T. Barrett.*

Your Page and Ours

"Aurora, Utah, May 15, 1933.

WE have certainly appreciated the lesson outline in the *Era* each month, and the *Era* itself is a very choice magazine —each cover is an inspiration to its readers. We thank you with all our hearts for it and for the Bee Hive work in it. I feel that this year it has helped each girl to gain for herself a testimony of the Gospel.

"Eva S. Thompson,
"Stake Bee Keeper, North Sevier Stake."

* * *

FOREVER OR NEVER," the serial which closed recently, brought forth many letters, a few extracts from the latest of which we are quoting here. With the beginning of our new serial—"The Beloved Cinderella"—our interest, however, will now be transferred to it and other stories.

FROM Captain Harmsen, himself: "I have received so many letters about my serial, 'Forever or Never,' that it would be almost a physical impossibility to answer each individually. No other story of mine has ever pulled a tenth of the fan mail. * * *

"Having received a flood of vitriolic, caustic letters condemning the action of Mr. Van Hermes in the July *Era*, I greatly desire to state: Dear Friends, the United States of America is founded upon the principle that every man shall have freedom of thought and expression. Therefore it is not fair to condemn Van Hermes because his honest opinion does not meet your approval. * * *

"However, I am very happy that so many of you wrote me that you did not concur in his opinion. * * *

"And then, perhaps I should be spanked. I am ready to take it—from my mother, but not from anybody else.

"Very truly yours,
"True B. Harmsen."

C. W. SMITH of Duchesne, Utah, joins in: "I too, have been a reader of the *Era* for twenty-two years, and of all the splendid numbers, each one being a jewel cut to fit its particular setting, that has come off the press, the July, 1933, number is the one around which all previous issues revolve. The installment of 'Forever or Never' in this issue is not the least interesting by any means of the splendid articles. So I, for one, cannot help but feel that Mr. B. Van Hermes' indictment of this story is a hasty one * * *." Speaking of returned missionaries Mr. Smith continues: "They are now required to form new associations, adjust themselves to new or changed labors and conditions. The boys and girls who were once their companions, no longer seek that companionship, hence for many of our returned missionaries this becomes the darkest hour of their lives. As time goes on most of our boys and girls find themselves again just as John Alder is doing in the July installment. To me there is no finer quality in human experience than for one who has taken the count to come back and meet you with a smile of true comradeship. So I am sure that our friend, Mr. B. V. H., will forgive me for suggesting to the Editor of the *Era* that 'Forever or Never' takes its regular course along with the *Era's* fine material."

LOUISE FORSYTH and Gwen Hurst, Blanding, Utah, write: "Not considering the plot and characters, the construction, style and wording should have made it ('Forever or Never') exempt from publication. The plot itself has its possibilities—it is new and different and in the hands of an experienced writer it could have been made into a pretty good story. But it seems to us that Captain True has spent his life reading cheap eastern magazines and has tried to copy their style for *The Improvement Era*, and it just hasn't gone over. We can't help feeling that B. Van Hermes is right—you could have been given better copy."

THE Captain's Mother, Rosena Harmsen: "I am reading the serial, "Forever or Never" with a great deal of satisfaction. Captain True B. Harmsen seems to have opened wide the returned missionary's heart for our inspection. The July installment was very fine. * * * We readers are tired of angelic heroes. We want men of action. But we want men who are right at heart; honest and conscientious; men of righteous convictions, but who are human enough to be wrong, and filled with the Spirit of Mormonism enough to admit it, and filled with the Spirit of the Gospel enough to correct it."

GLEANER GIRLS, Sacramento, California: "In a group meeting of Gleaner Girls this summer we have read and discussed the four installments of the serial, 'Forever or Never,' in the *Era*. We have also been 'cussing' and discussing the letter by B. Van Hermes found on 'Your Page and Ours' * * * As for the story and the characters, the only criticism we as a group have or feel is that Captain Harmsen has enlarged upon the part of the girl and perhaps made it a little 'too shady,' but that is a mere opinion, as we are of the same sex. We know, however, many cases of returned missionaries who have acted in exactly the same manner as John Alder of 'Forever or Never.' We especially enjoyed the last installment and feel that a lot of real gospel is preached in it. Do finish it! We want you to know that we want the rest of the story in the *Era*, but not in the fire. At the June conference we were told that the *Era* this year is going to be bigger and better and we say that it is already. We are for the *Era*."

LA VERA GINN, Piedmont, South Carolina: "In the July *Era* there is a letter on 'Your Page and Ours' by B. Van Hermes that says he opposes 'Forever or Never.' * * * There are some folks that don't even know when they get a good fiction story. He asked the young people about their opinion. Well, I am a young person and I think it is real good. Our family is reading it as well as some of our friends, and we all enjoy it very much. * * * The plot is good, it is educational, and also a very good lesson on 'The Word of Wisdom.' We have been reading the *Era* for some time and enjoy it. If you wish you can publish this. Whether or not you publish it, please finish 'Forever or Never'."

J. B. STEDMAN, Price, Utah: "Mr. Harmsen is not the only one who has filled a mission and held the office of District President and returned home finding it hard to readjust. John Alder's experiences are similar to some I had when I returned—but hasn't the author 'bit off more than he can chew' in trying to handle this theme? He has simply packed his story with inconsistencies. * * * John was 'a regular battering ram' on the football field, and then Biff walloped him, but after six weeks of training he 'thrilled' because a slap on the shoulder did not hurt. That kind of stuff is simply 'soft.' * * * 'He growled,' 'he rasped,' 'he chuckled grimly.' The story is chopped to pieces."

* * *

"Lasquieti, P. O.,
British Columbia.

The Editors of *The Improvement Era*,
Salt Lake City, Utah,
Dear Friends:

WE get the *Era* regularly and enjoy the whole of it. The articles are particularly good, they are so broad and progressive. In the stories. "Forever or Never" is thus far one of the best. The poetry, generally speaking, is delightful. Such fresh, clean spirit, true portrayal of beauty, and other things too numerous to mention! The covers are well done and a great relief from the so popular kind of impossibly colored women.

Now, to lodge a complaint: The last two numbers have been sent without outside wrappers and by the time they reached us the covers were torn badly and loose from the rest of the magazine. Since we desire to keep the magazines for reference work and would like them intact, would it be possible to place a wrapper on those going this great distance? We would greatly appreciate it.

Yours very sincerely,
(signed) L. M.

P. S.—We are also L. D. S."

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